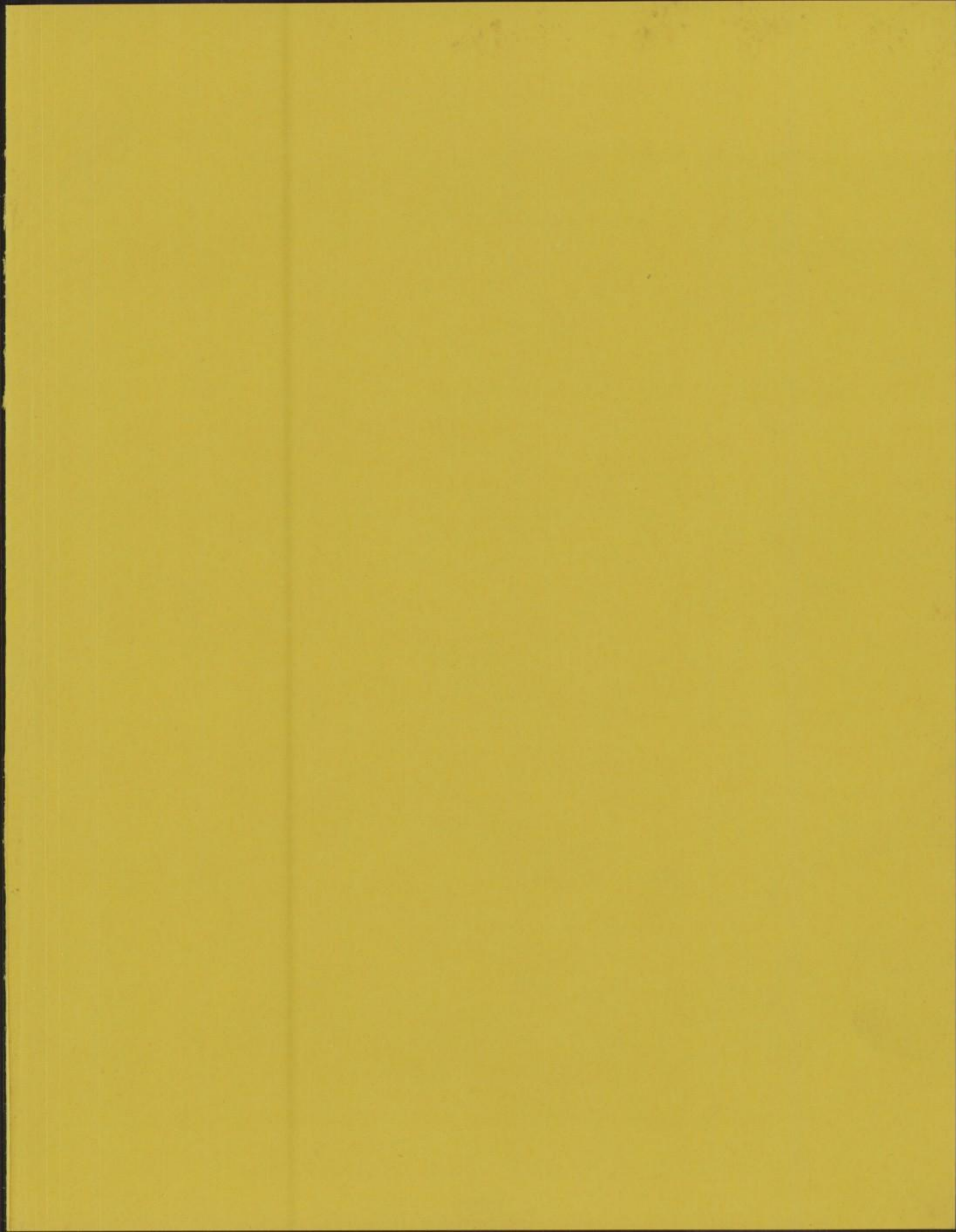
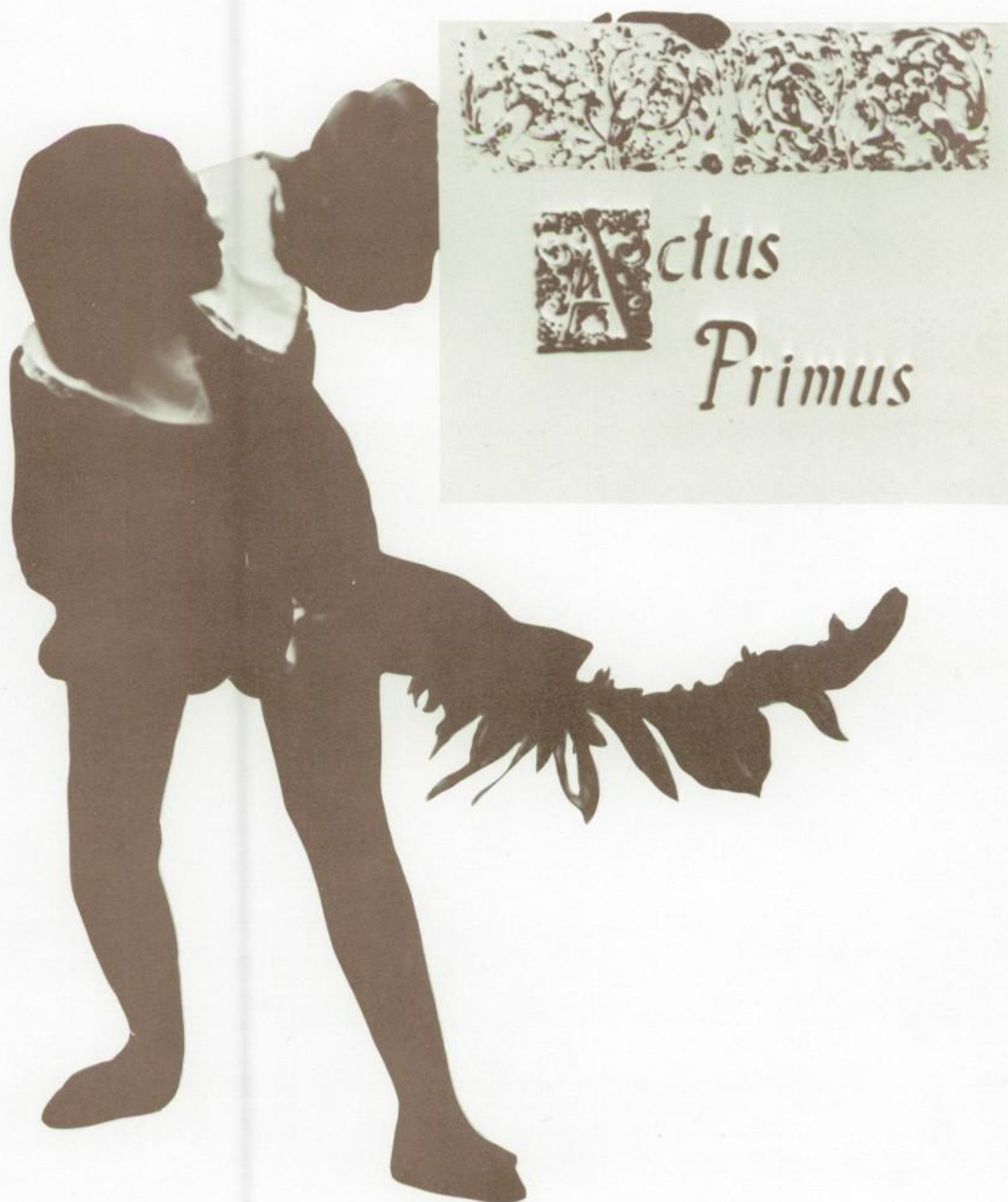


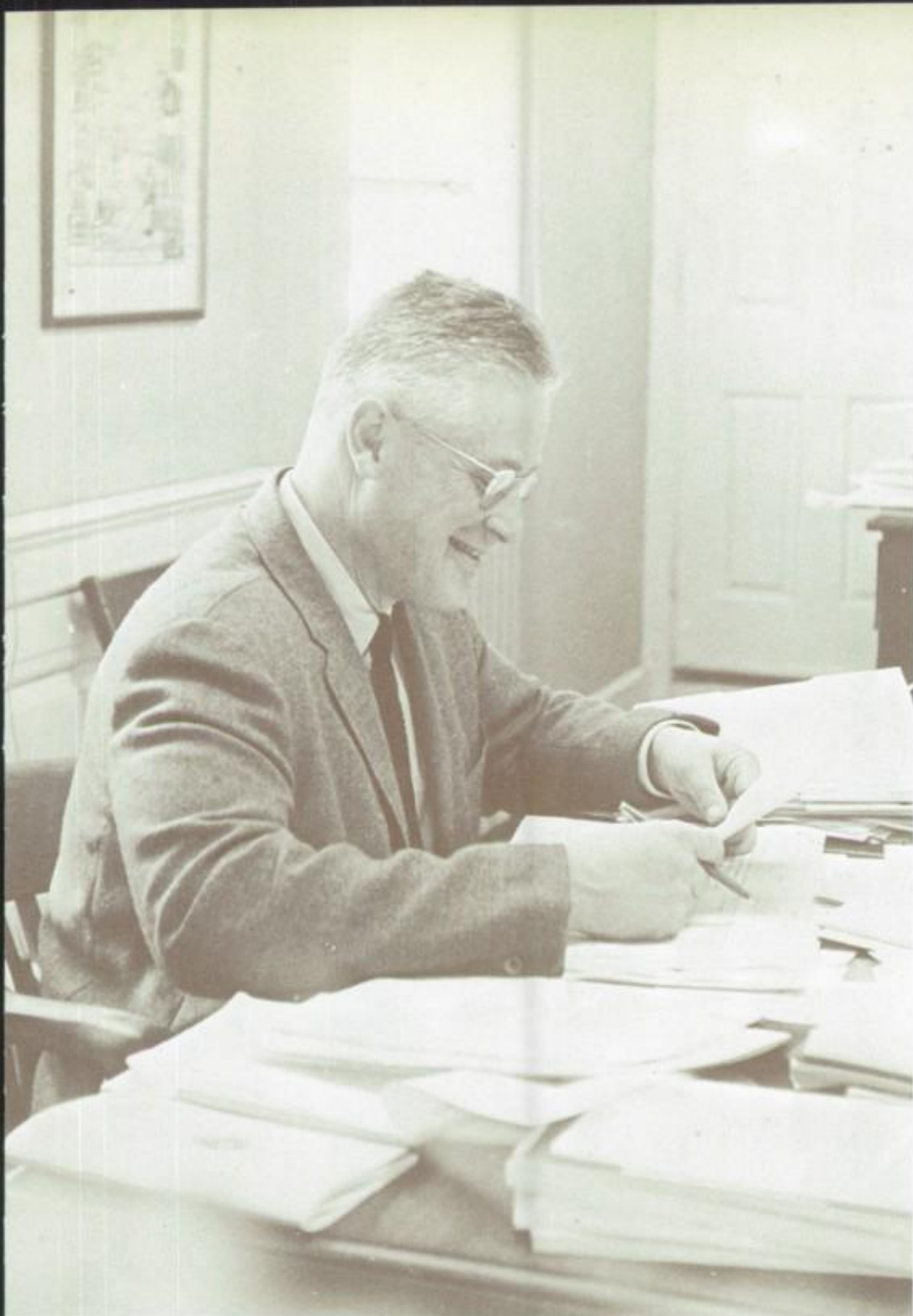


Quarto



Germantown Friends *1967*





HENRY SCATTERGOOD



ROBERT W. BOYNTON





JOHN B. EMERSON

PEGGY K. MILLER
JANE WYNN JONES
HELEN JOHNSON
MARGERY W. BEAZLEY



MARION L. SCULL
JAYNE WILHELM



ALLEN B. CLAYTON



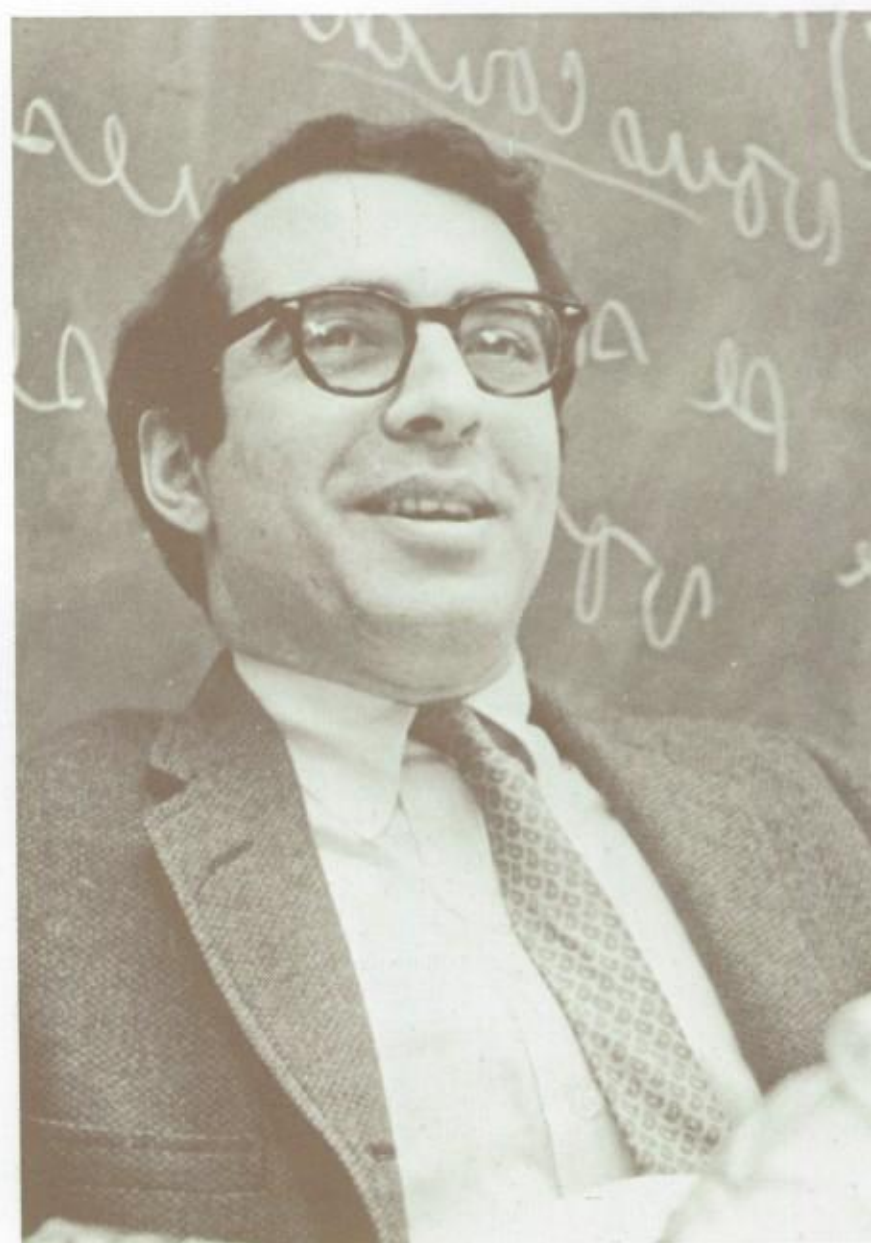
MARY E. BREWER



ANN B. HART

MARY KATHERINE SQUIRE

MATTHEW PICCOLO

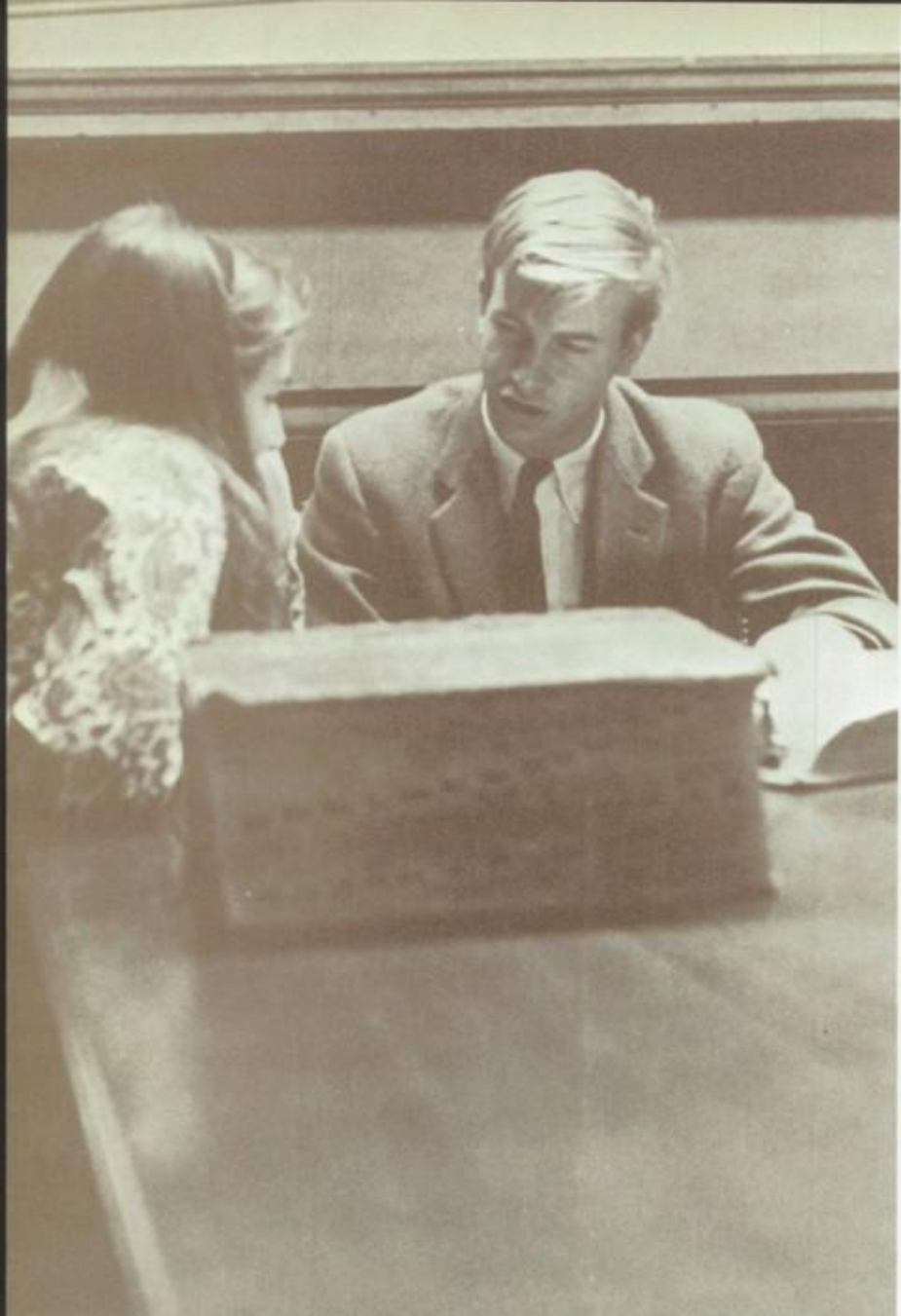




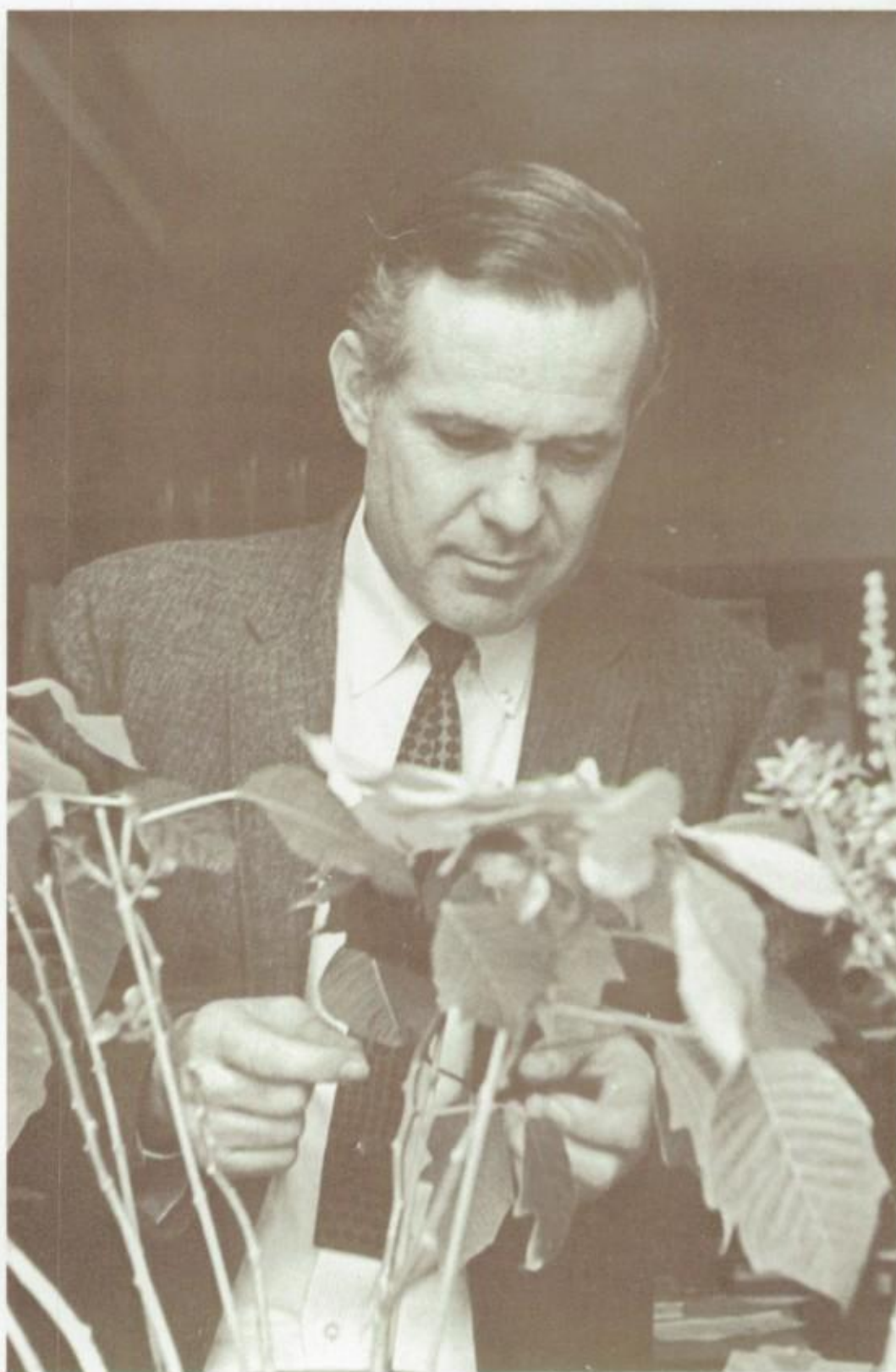
JEANINE ALLEN

MARY RHODES





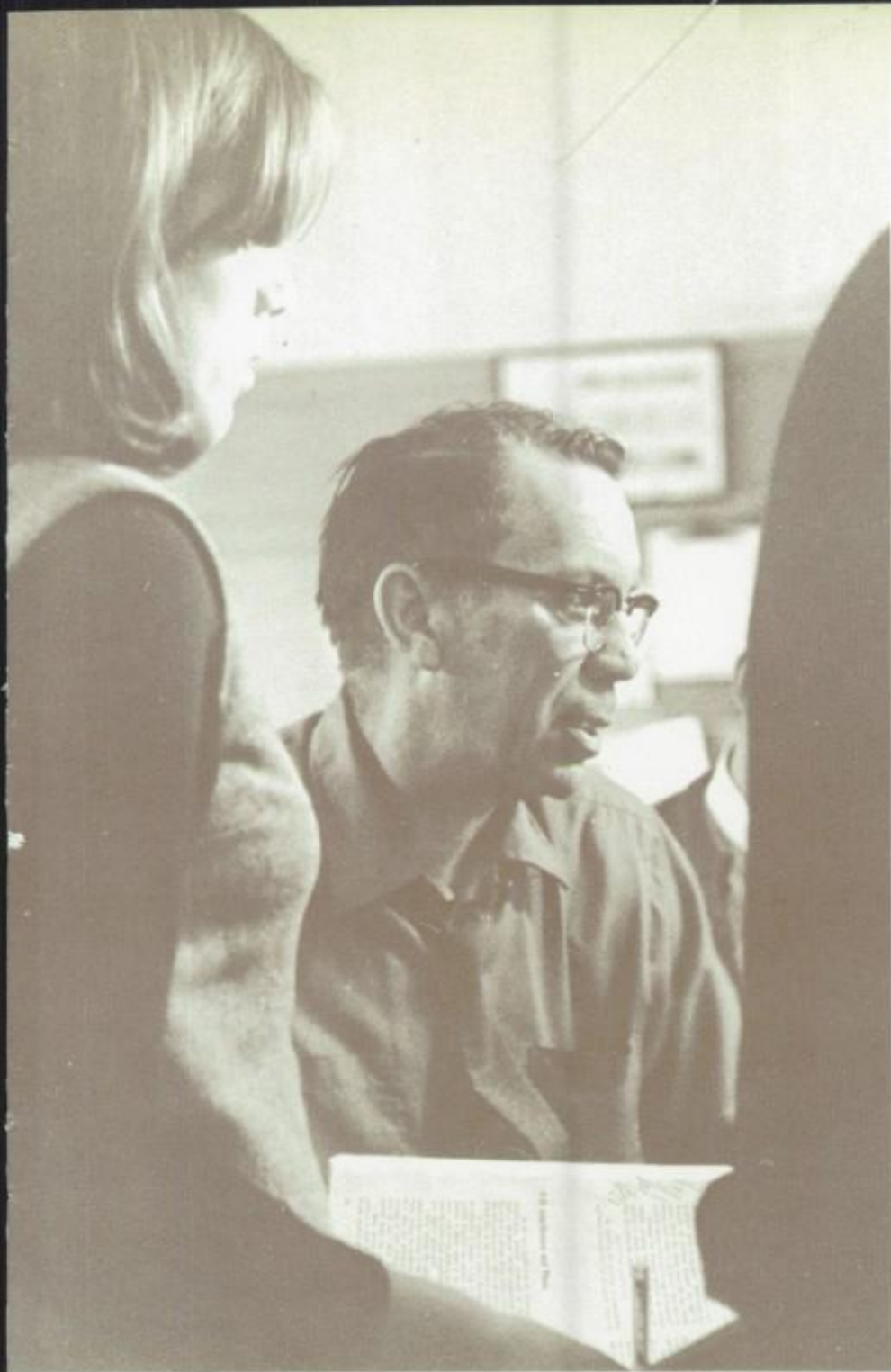
DAVID M. FELSEN



JOHN BOLES



ELIZABETH R. BARKER



FRANCIS F. BACON

HOWARD G. PLATT



STANTON GARFIELD JR.



JOANNE B. RUDNYTSKY





WILLIAM H. CROMLEY

ALICE H. DARNELL





ELIZABETH D. WILSON



RICHARD WILSON



LAURA B. WALTZ



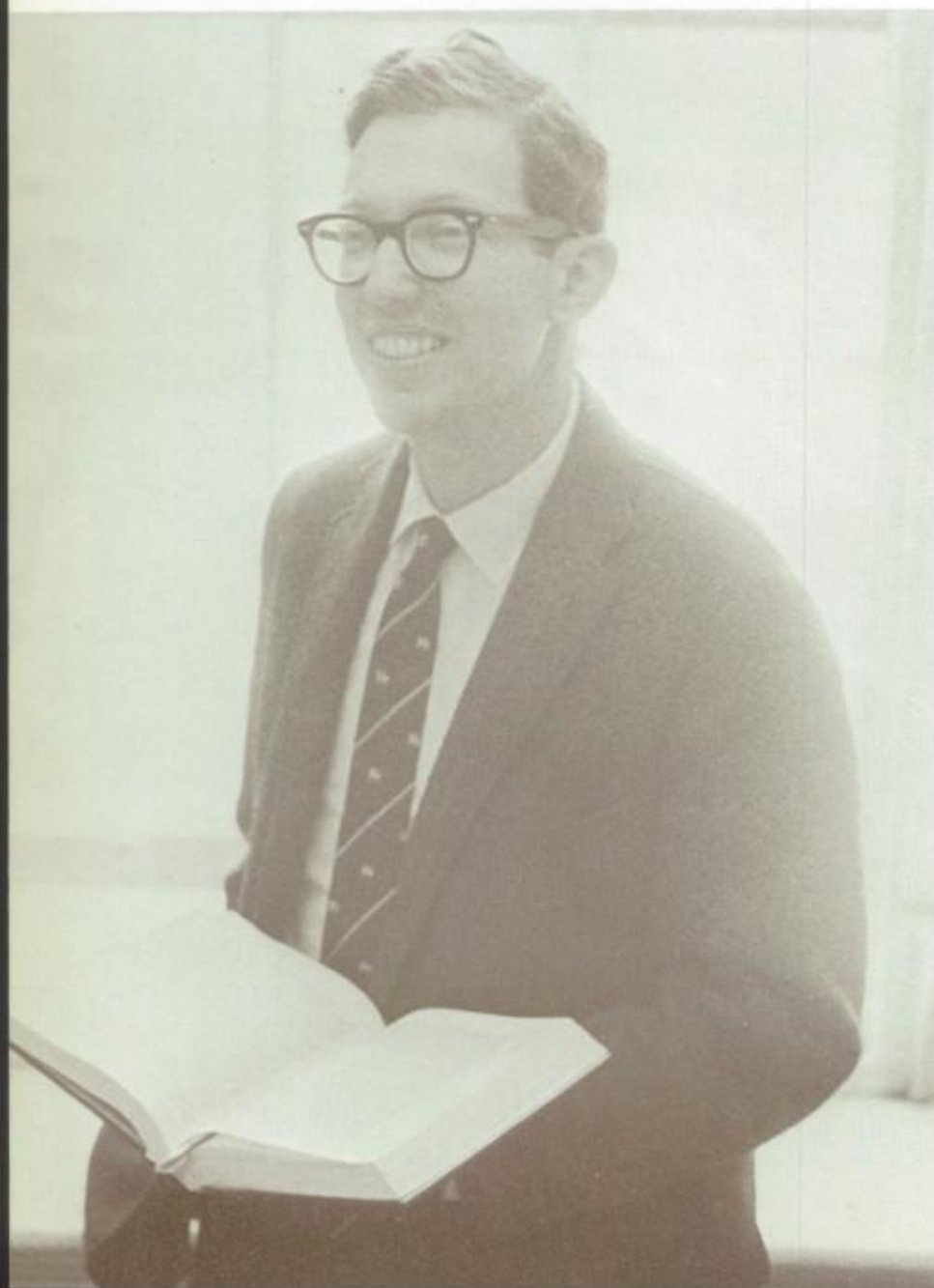
PATRICIA REIFSNYDER



HENRY GRATWICK



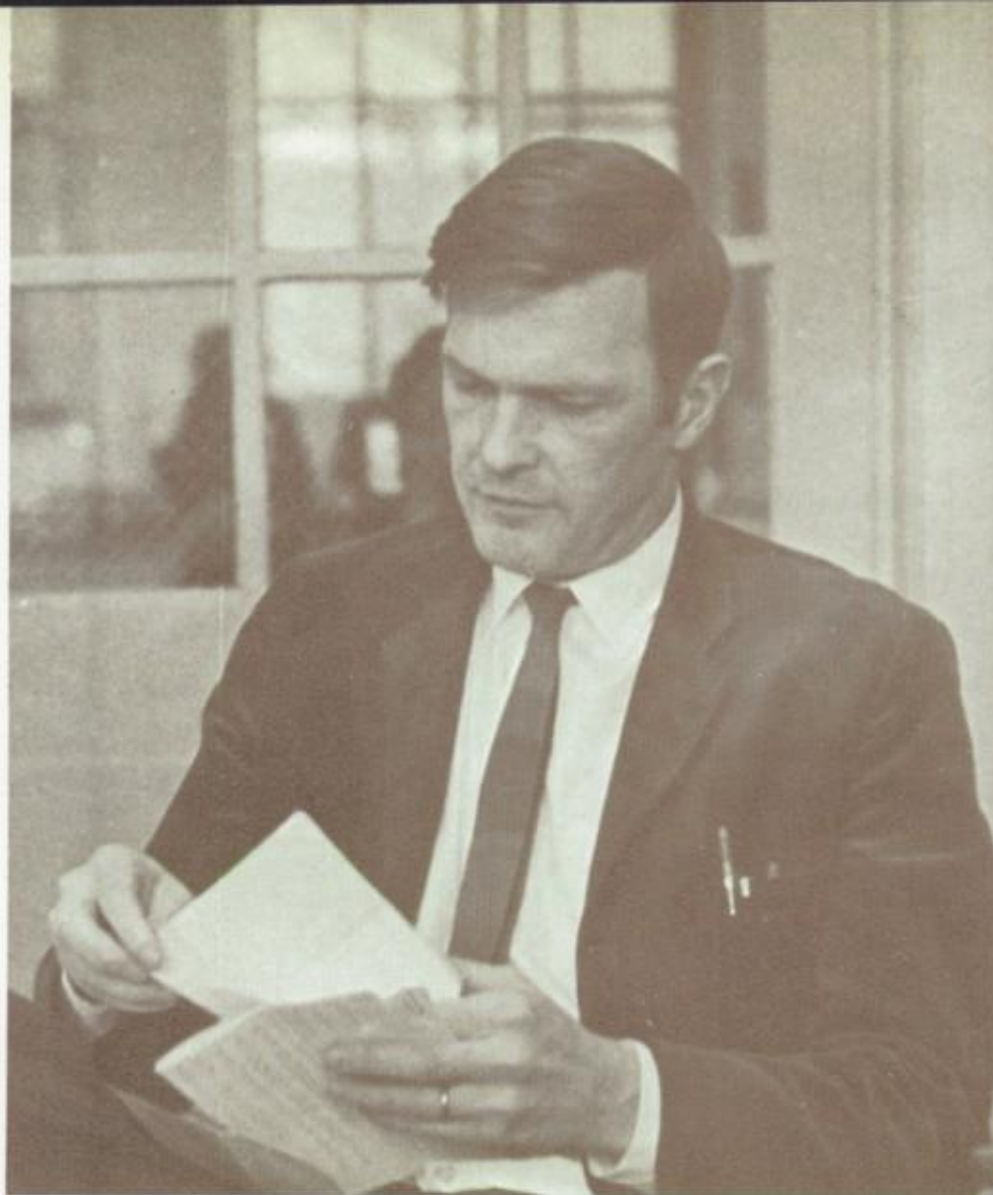
ELIZABETH R. BODINE



RICHARD H. TYRE



CARLEY WHITE



RICHARD M. BACON

DAVID B. SEAVER



LOUIS S. PAULMIER



EDWARD W. THODE JR.



NANCY M. PAGE
BARBARA CONOVER

LILLIAN CANNAN



MARGARET P. MacBRIDE
MYRON C. PILBROW



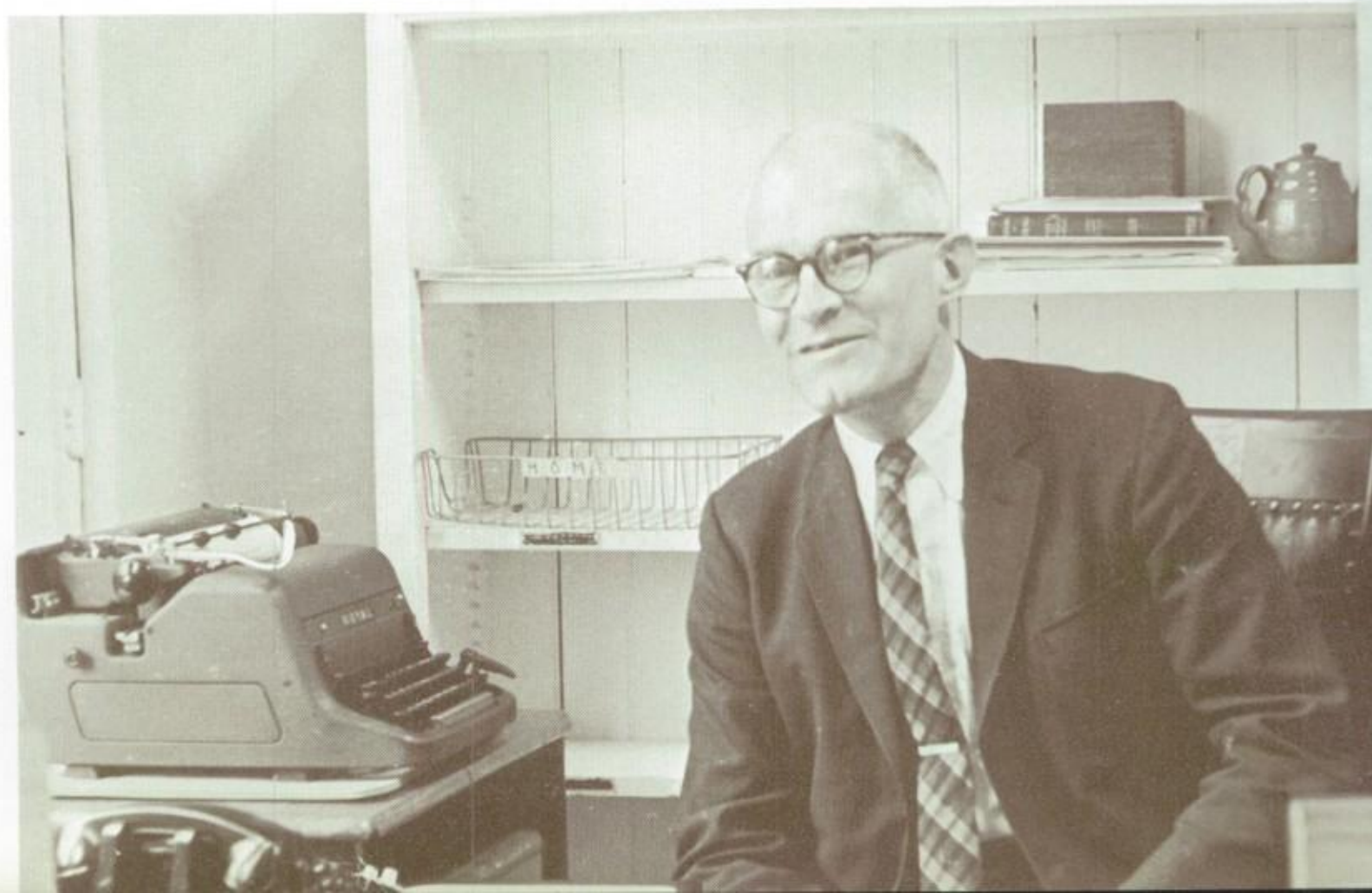


HELEN GRUENBERG



SARA WOY

ERIC W. JOHNSON

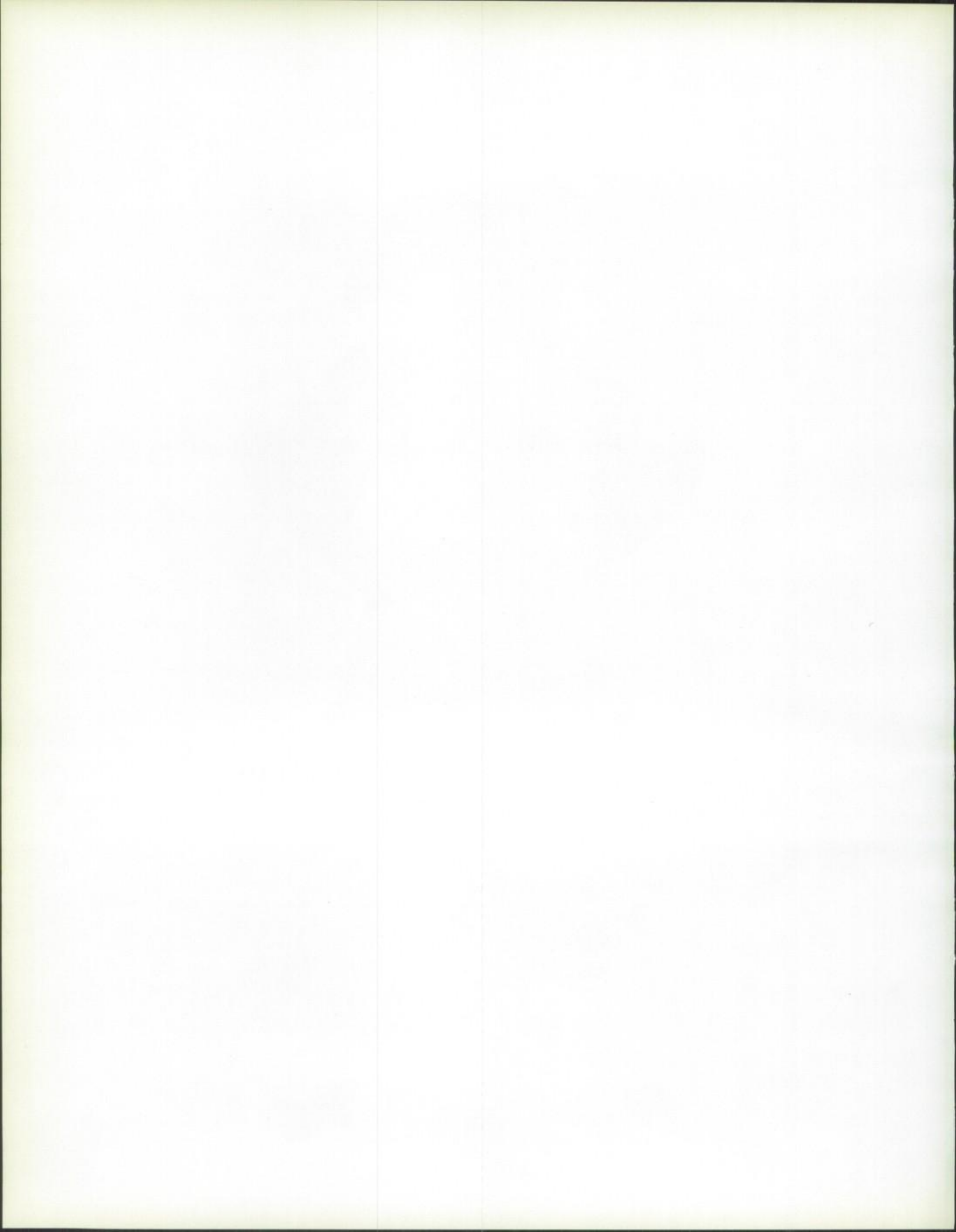




ctus

Secundus





7th



*Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits*



7th

*To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!*

King Lear

*... the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deccit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show;*

King Richard III



8th

9th

*....we know what we are, but know
not what we may be.*

Hamlet



10th



*The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.*

King Lear

11th



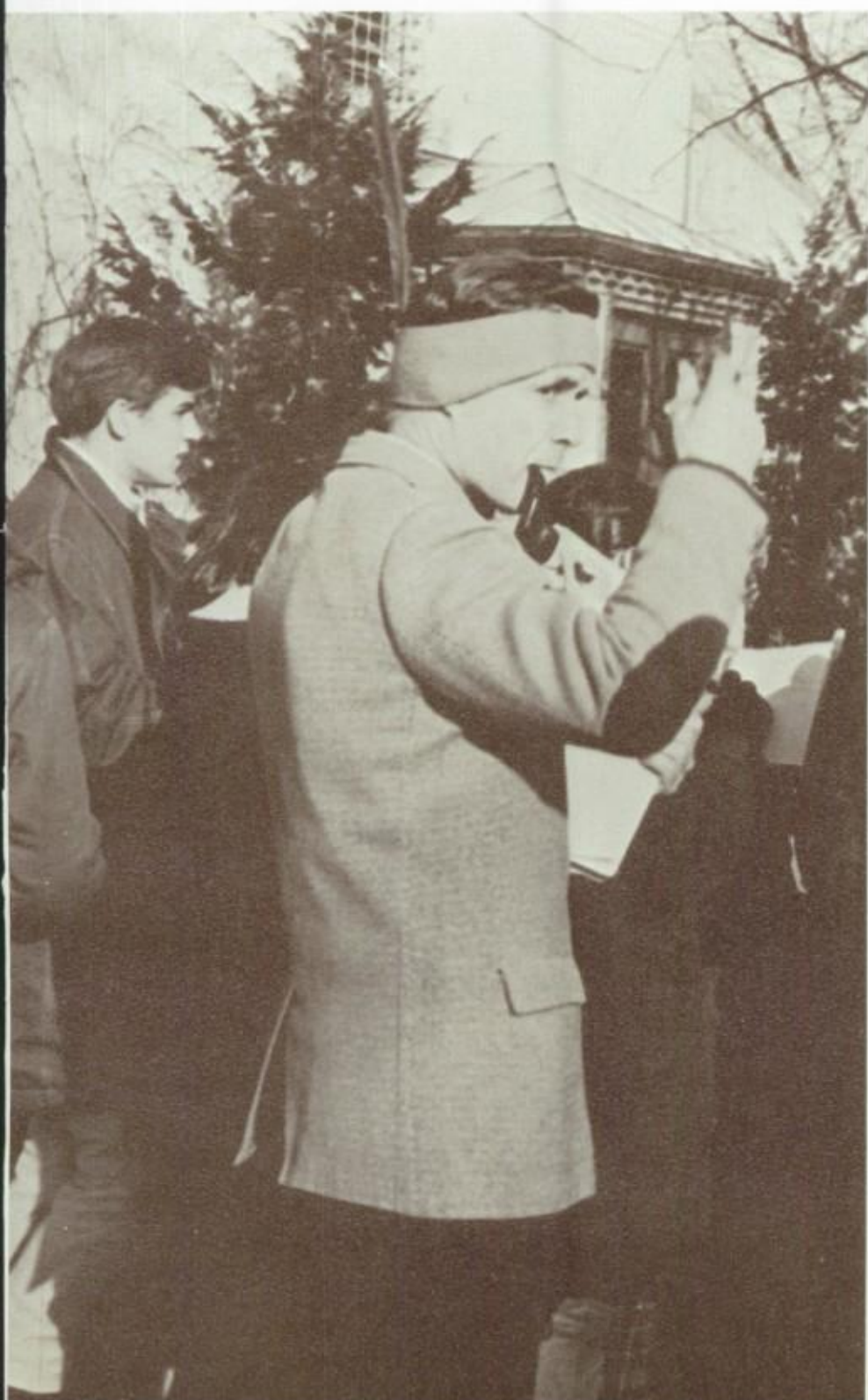
*I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.*

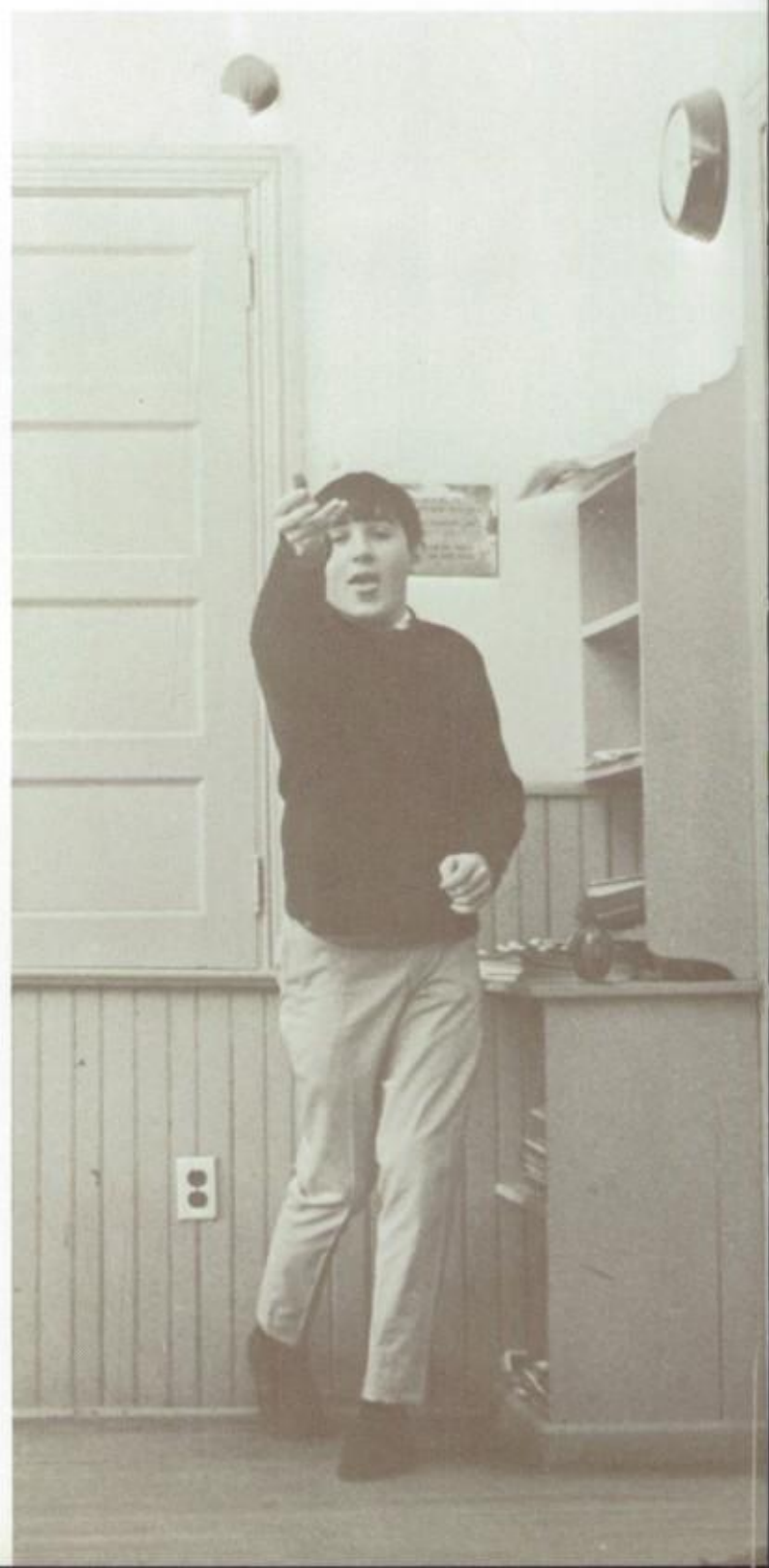
The Taming of the Shrew

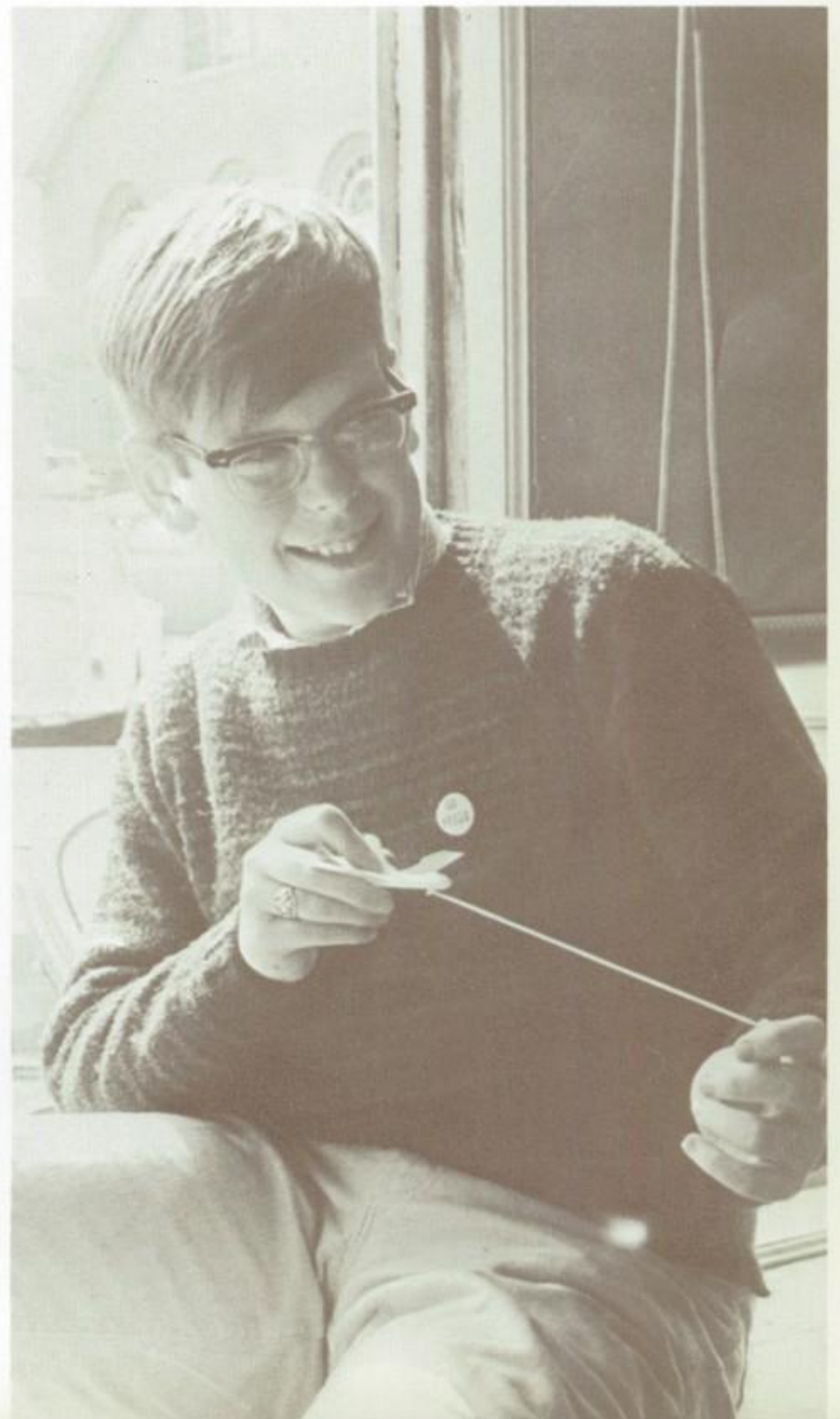
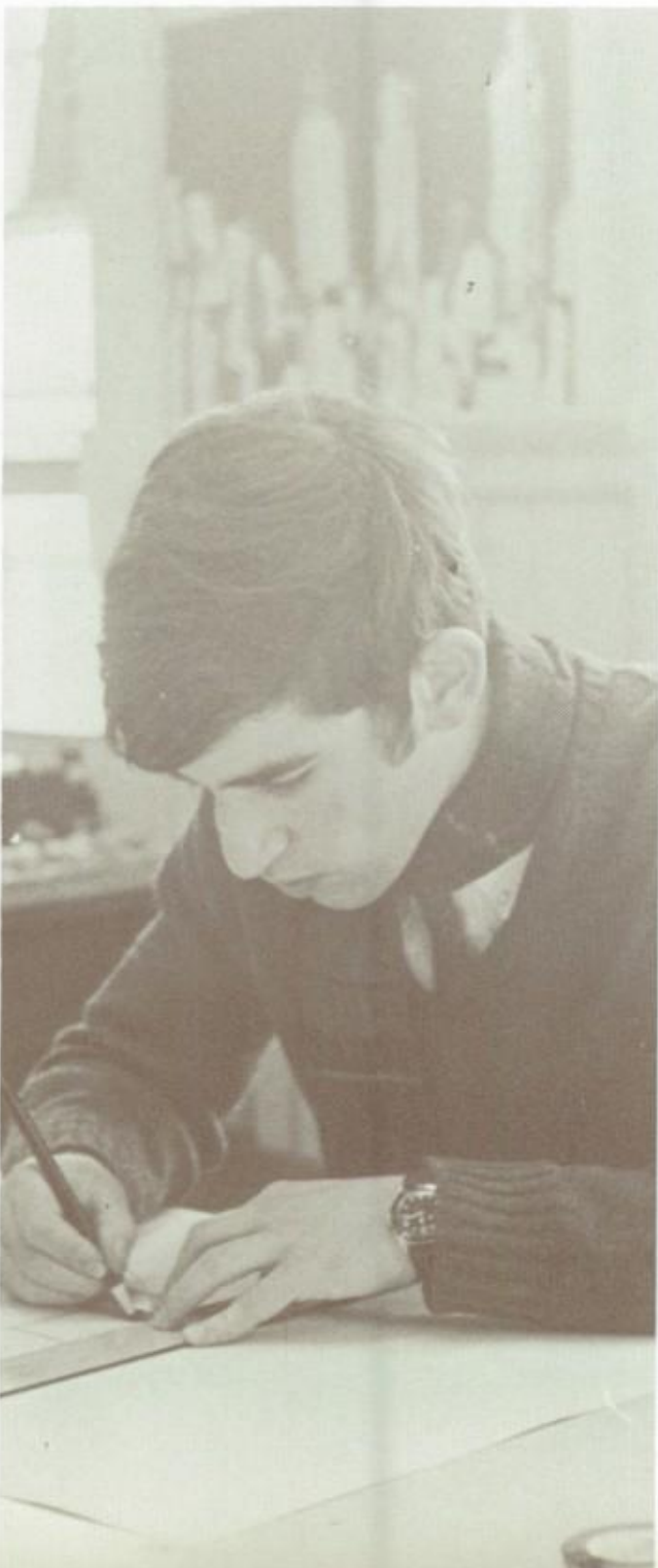


ctus

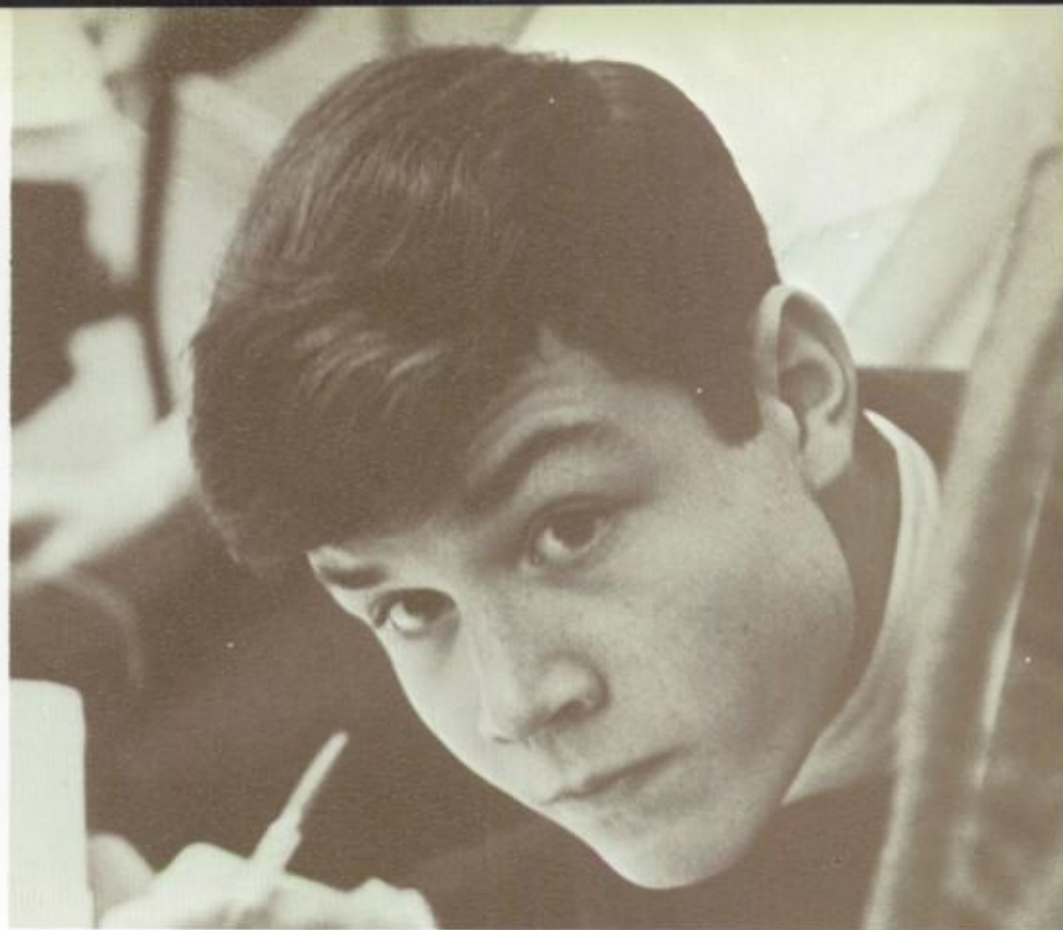
Tertius







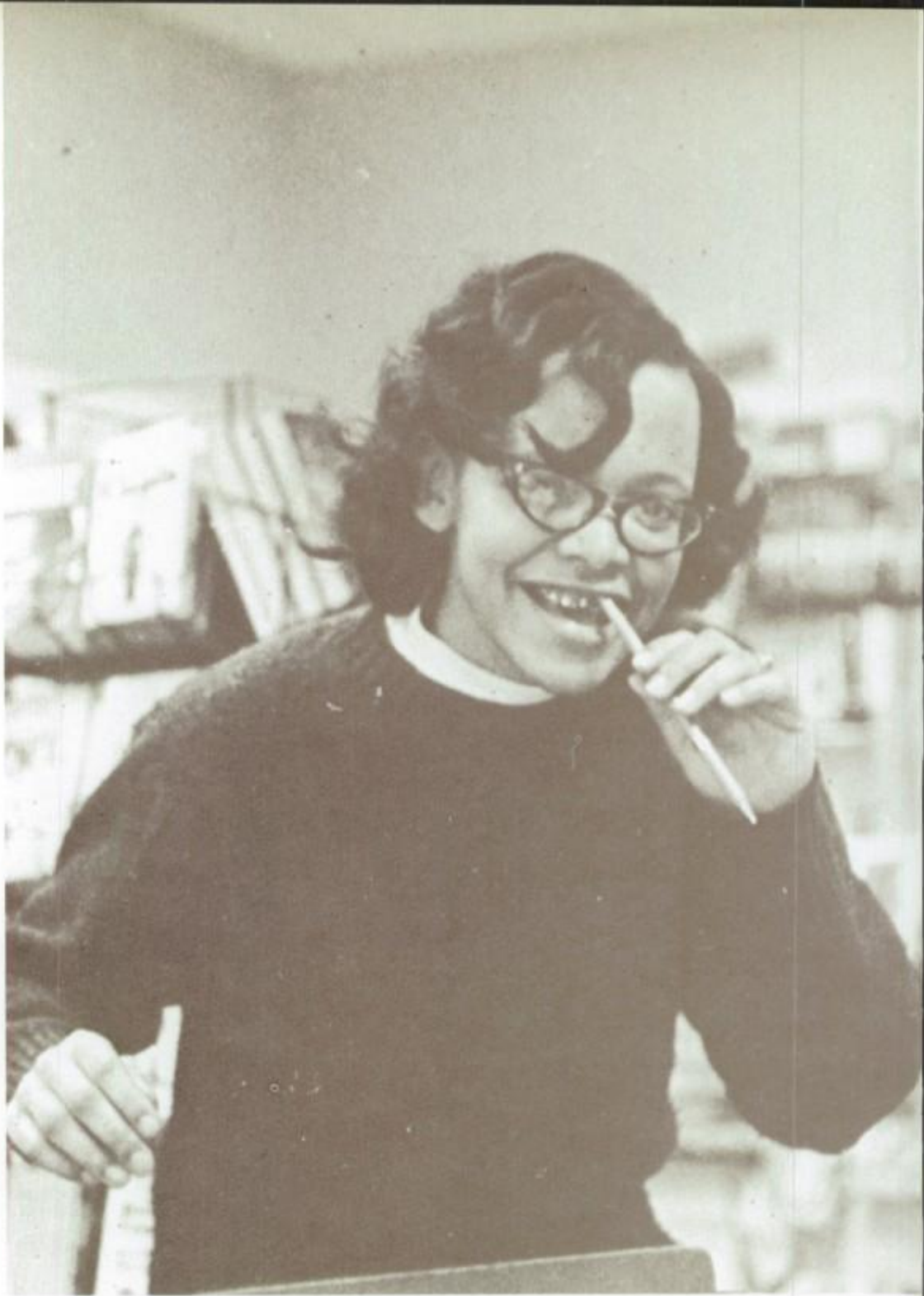
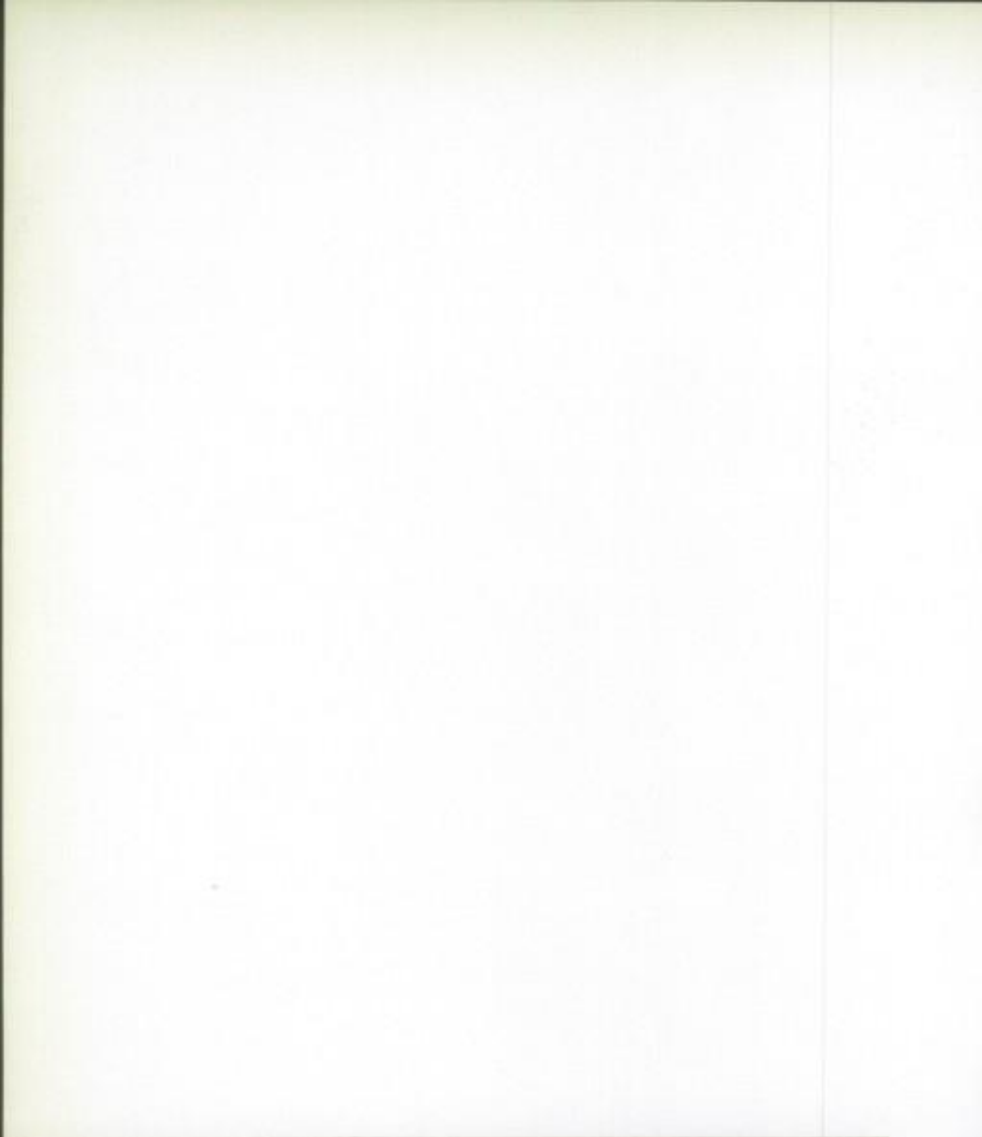


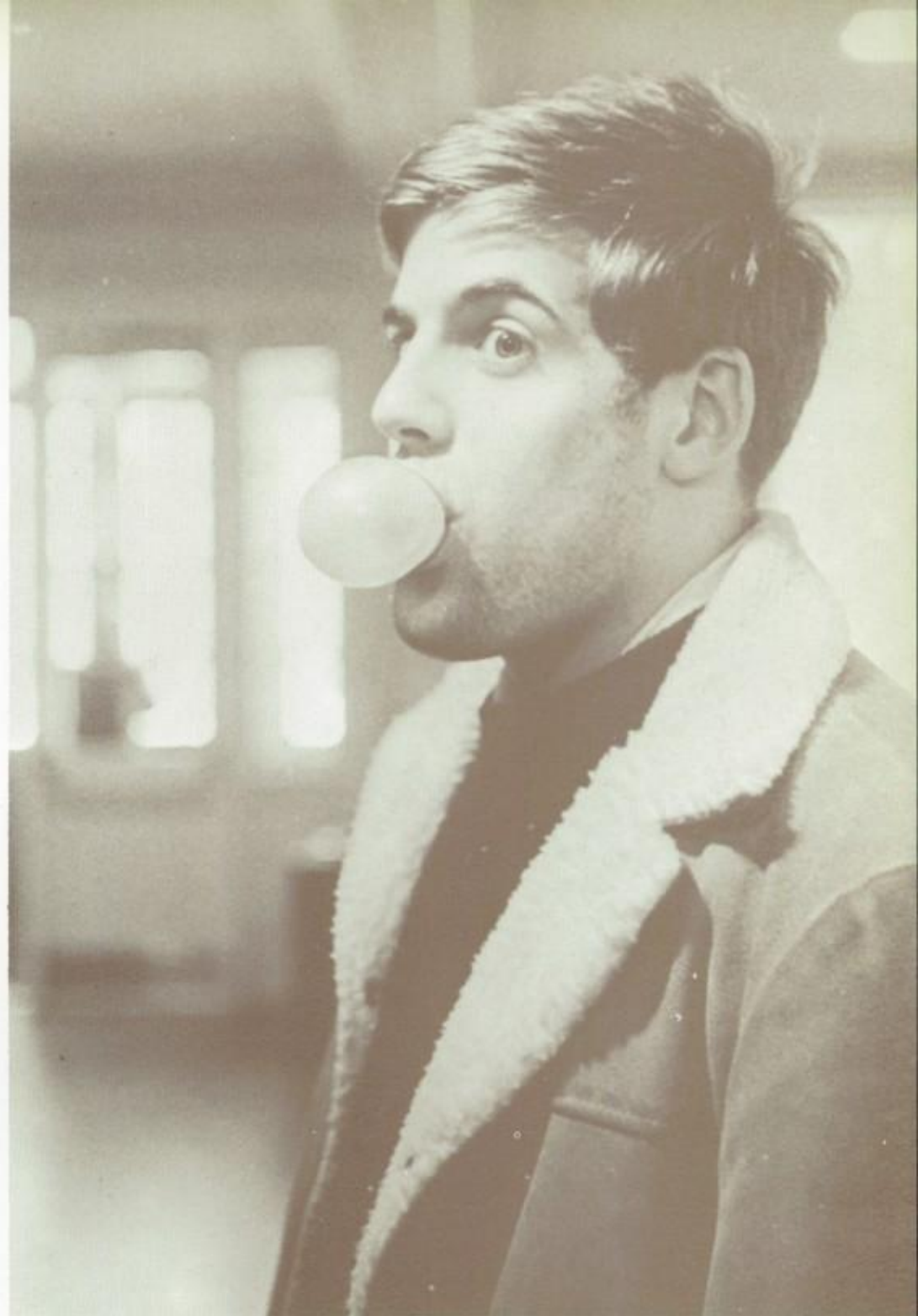


















CHRISTOPHER M. LAQUER

I've heard about your elephants and snakes,
How baobabs have given you no rest;
You've told about that King and other fakes.
And I admit I duly was impressed.
I sympathized when you explained the ills
Of mortal life, of aging to adult.
I even tried to hold myself from frills
In hopes it would effect a full result.
Your story of the rose was very sad
It moved me to compassion for your tears.
When you moved on, I was more shocked than mad.
In vain I sought a clue to end my fears.
Some little prince! Kid, you foxed me good.
Your role: the Wolf in Little Red Riding Hood.



ROGER A. MOOS

A bandaged body and a basketball
Are all I have in this brief court.
Fleet of foot though not too tall,
I must devise to win at sport.
I am the fellow with the restless hands;
Rugged runner of alleys and grandstands.
Performing is my favorite food;
Success in action curing any mood.
I hold this globe in my hand
Only as long as I can grasp.
Arthritic soon, without a fan,
Growing old until the final rasp.
A man gets hungry, feeding on fame:
To break the rules I'll have to learn the game.





CAROL BINGHAM

Child of the flashing-eyed goddess' might,
Clear-headed child of light,
Archer of the arrow-swift mind,
Eager huntress in ignorant night,
She felt unkindled by inspiring Muses.
Knowing of Reason's ruses,
Quick-witted child of logic
Reason's fetish she refuses.

The glass is dark now, the sea not clear,
The prey's well hidden now; there's more to fear,
The huntress eager still, does persevere,
And worn by grueling chase through this dark wood,
In god-child's grey eyes now appears
No hard glint, but glow of tears.

JAMES W. LUNT

Srying loudly "Ban the bomb,"
The crowd tries vainly to convince
The scientist that cool aplomb
Toward radiation makes them wince.
Platonically he splits the atom
In ivory towers for his missiles.
Using radium for his datum
And for heart (the warmth of thistles).
Awesome power may conceal
Simpler needs of flesh and blood.
The apple tasted does not heal
But keeps alive the struggling bud.
The crowd may not be skilled in tact,
But let your nucleus react.



LACY G. EDWARDS

The wine she's taken and the bread,
Yet does she think of this in bed?
Small chance, for she is one of those
Who's proper, always, in her clothes.
For a religious soul is she,
But who knows what her God may be:
A one in Greece, one in Tyre,
Is it Bacchus? What, a lyre?
Like early Christians she does think;
To moods of sadness will she sink
When all the evil here is seen,
There, in the bread and wine, so keen.
But nay to all of this, says she,
"O get thee to a nunnery!"





ANNE C. YOUNG

Watching now the prancing ponies
On a fence she sits in silence.
Now apart from friends and cronies
Softness in her eyes I sense.
Gallops a pony with red flaxen mane
Crossing a field of timeless green whispers
Running a course down a sloping plane;
Willful but wiled by nature. This spurs
The owner of the beast, a loner,
To acquiesce in knowing brilliance:
Fleeting brilliance, brief resilience
Death never dallies: a swift dethroned.
The princes pranced upon the grass. Anne clung
To the moment which she knew when she was young.





MICHAEL OTTENBERG

None but Phaethon, son of the Sun
Could gleam so rarely, tarnish so black,
Defying shadowy night, the one
Who reined the light, saw his lack.
Before this end, he dared the great.
His mortal leash to overreach,
Not lacking skill, but genes innate,
Was struck while trying to make this breach.
By accident setting the world on fire,
Shortly before the fatal descent.
He'll wish for folly's end, the pyre.
No time to regret the time ill spent.
A tragic hero to those who meant
To stop him once he began the ascent.





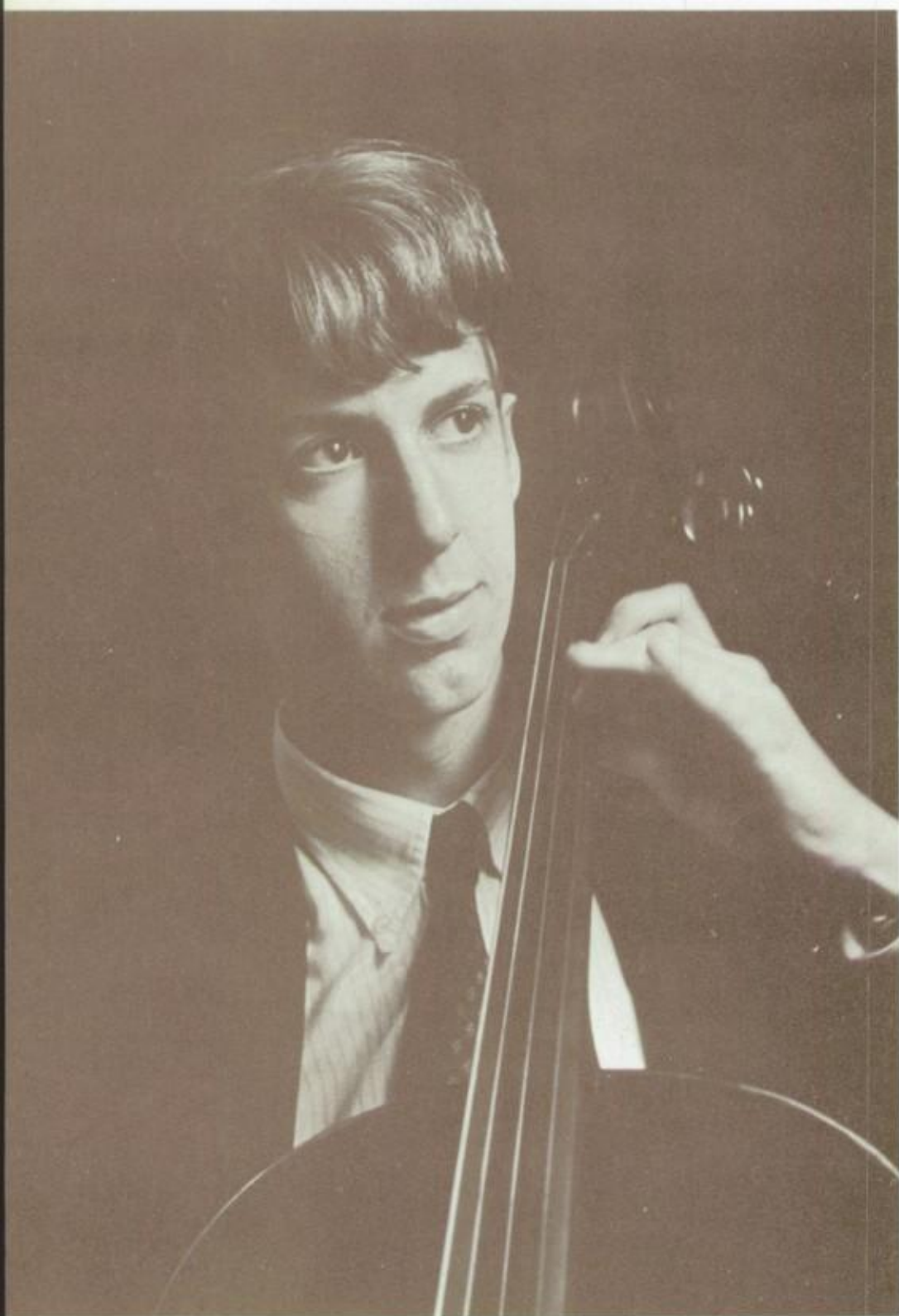
MARTHA C. NADEN

In the fading day I saw a little girl
Dancing in a pool left by a storm.
Spinning and splashing in a whirl,
Eyes lost in a face warm.
I drew closer, infringing upon her stage,
Met with a cold stare, eyes of hate.
I turned away from her rage,
I suddenly remembered where I was late.
I looked over my shoulder to see if she still played
In the puddle where we met.
She still whirled in the night's shade,
Splashing, kicking, getting completely wet.
The little girl never escapes my mind,
She has what most will never find.



WILLIAM S. RINKER, JR.

O, son of Iapetus, mighty Titan,
Your lurch to atlas crushing, cruel demands.
This unearned task, unending, we can't lighten;
It pains us watching pain as Atlas stands.
A Hercules in cleats can set you free,
And does to let you run the golden apple.
You'll breathe with ease, but short your respite be,
Again with heaven and earth you'll have to grapple.
O Atlas have you not proved your worth?
Then why must you (like us) the pillar support
That holds apart the heavens and the earth
When you were born not Charley, but for sport.
At last, I will not doubt your stamina,
But pity for your atlas vertebra.



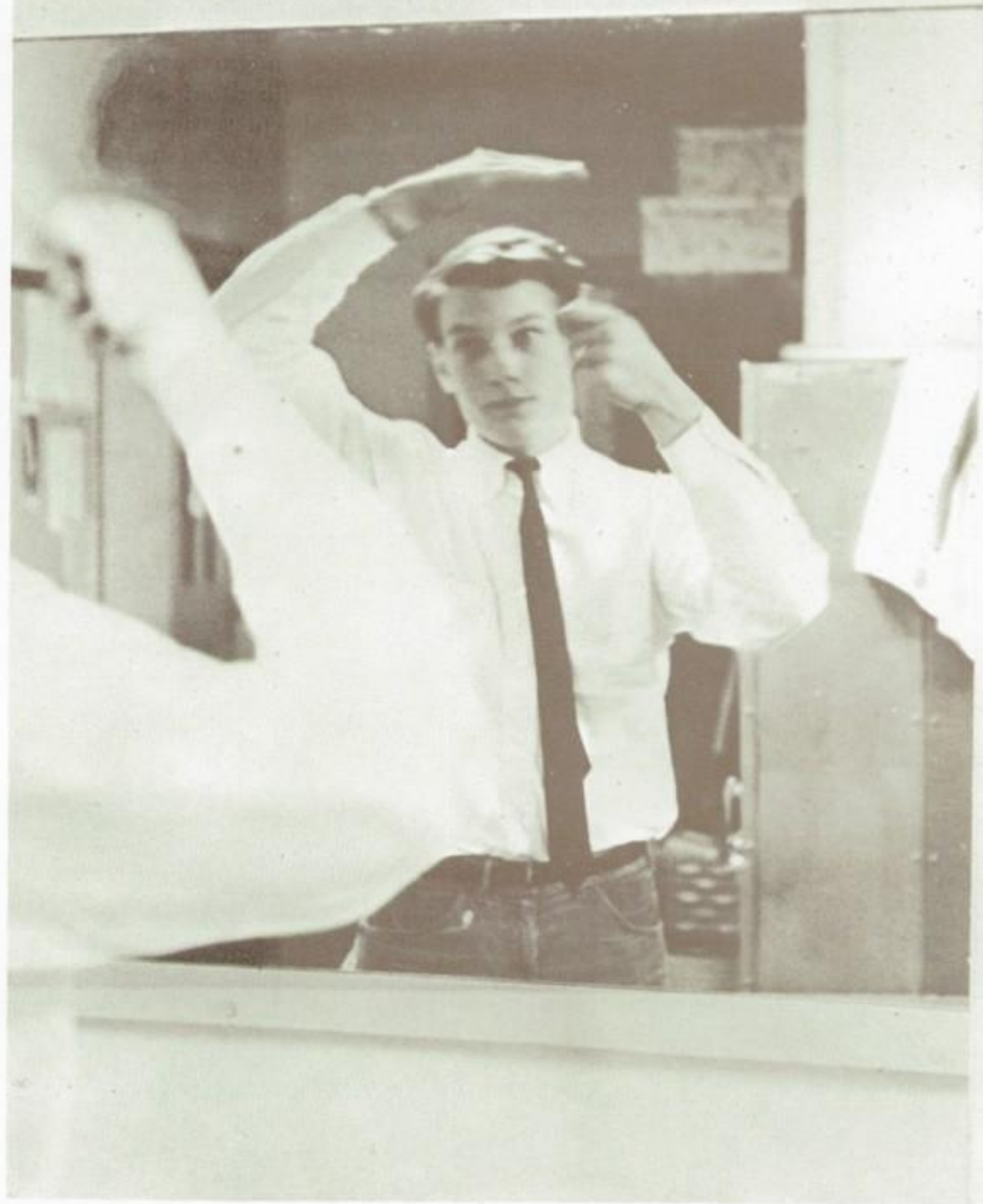
CHRISTOPHER FESSENDEN

I passed by a room while hot in thought,
Only to stop, all passion in me cooled,
Tempered by the calmness music brought;
The chaos reigning in my mind was ruled.

A 'cello sat upright within that room;
Four shining strings were stretched along its height:
The brightest for learning, the gilded tomb
Of humanity, buried with scanty rite.

Art's the string that is next in line of sight,
Paired with the mind in frequency of use;
Because these are oft tuned, they've gained in height,
By their prominence invited much abuse.

But there is heart; a thin, shimmering string,
That played upon is this thin soul's ring.



STUART M. LOUCHHEIM

You were once a goat who butted 'round
With horns that bled unnoticed in the dark,
Chewing jokes, a failure as a clown,
You aimed too close to hit the subtle mark.
You fed on insults others deigned to throw,
Devouring all within an easy climb—
Receiving all without a martyred glow,
Trusting in the cov'ring power of time.
But once your softened eyes and step exclaimed
The wonder of a springtime Friday night,
Protective horns were struck with lead and maimed—
Now pruned, they've grown to manly shape and height.
Vestigial goat-like gestures haunt your walk,
But I have seen a goat turn graceful hawk.

HARRIET C. LENTZ

Of flesh she's cut, an ochre fine
With moving lips the hue of wine
Her fingers, long, may read all braille,
May paint with pigment from a pail.
A mouth of versatility she owns,
It sings, it laughs, it cries, it moans.

At once within a cloistered cage
She sat, and learned from printed page.
Unsated girl, a way she found,
To cross the sea to foreign ground.
The bread, the days were well consumed,
The tragedy of an ending loomed.

Moist, her eyes perceive our tears,
Heavy lids bespeak her fears.



D. MICHAEL STETSER

From tank to carb the pump forces gas,
Intake air and a vapor mix forms.
Through the manifold the mixture does pass,
Reaching the cylinders, the fuel turns warm.
The current flows when the switch turns ON.
Pressured to distributor through the coil,
Then sparks each plug as the firing is born—
Impulse complete, compression stroke royal.
Quick detonation, the mixture expands,
Pressure on pistons and sharp movement down
While the crankshaft is turned by skilled hands,
And power stroke force energy round.
Excessive heating like a hard working man,
The only relief, water cooled by the fan.



DEBORAH L. BERMAN

What shall I say today? I shall sing
With round mouth. She will talk in low tones
And will be quietly serious, but the ring
Of her voice will persuade and change moans
To true sound. Her hands work as she plays.
She determines perfection and from it believes
That her hard shell will come, but her days
Are so full of practice as she conceives
The ultimate. Often too quiet, almost not seen,
Yet the smile bursts forth into uncontrolled laughter
Which shocks some but makes others rejoice, having been
Close to a joy in little things; following after.
With notes and tones hit to perfection,
She'll later be the angel's selection.





DIANE VAN BERG

That fall of hair that curved with her form's grace,
Became of her, yet she did not exist.
Eliot's song, dried grass, and painted face,
Transformed us to a world that she hath kissed.
This dove hath spread her wings to distant strand,
And, with exhilaration he did sing
Of Bedouins, and Israel's mighty sands,
And breaking a banana with a King.
And through that looking glass where she did gaze,
And dreamt that she and Dina would explore,
Was true proof of the art that she displays.
And we do marvel, and applaud for more.
She soars out o'er the sea in her own part.
And brings to us her olive branch, through art.



DAVID B. THOMAS

Characters studied from the hall or phone
Inspire Dave in a fast search sneaky
For beauty to complement his own;
The pattern is Veni, Vidi, Vici.
Women flock to graze the hands
With a chiseled palm of granite, seedy;
Tender before he understands
The person—Veni, Vici, Vidi.

A shepherd who has never dried,
Consider carefully before you say,
(For in his experience he must have lied)
"I saw, I conquered, I came to stay."
This translated verse with a modern scan
Is "I came, I saw, but then I ran."

ANNE T. DAVIS

We hide a disappointed immigrant,
Wrong-blooded, and a pagan to our ways,
Called godless, since her hymns and litanies
Are chanted for another firmament.
Her eye's accuser, watches what it sees,
Knows affectation, foolishness, conceit,
From which she builds perceptive parodies,
And casts out devils with laughter's hard beat.
Two sensitive evangelists, her hands,
No crabbish claws for snatching spiny A's,
But kindred prophets, in movement always,
To illustrate their priestess' Design.

An alien, misfit, disdained or ignored;
A sea-seeking mermaid, by croaking toads bored.





REBECCA ANN KING

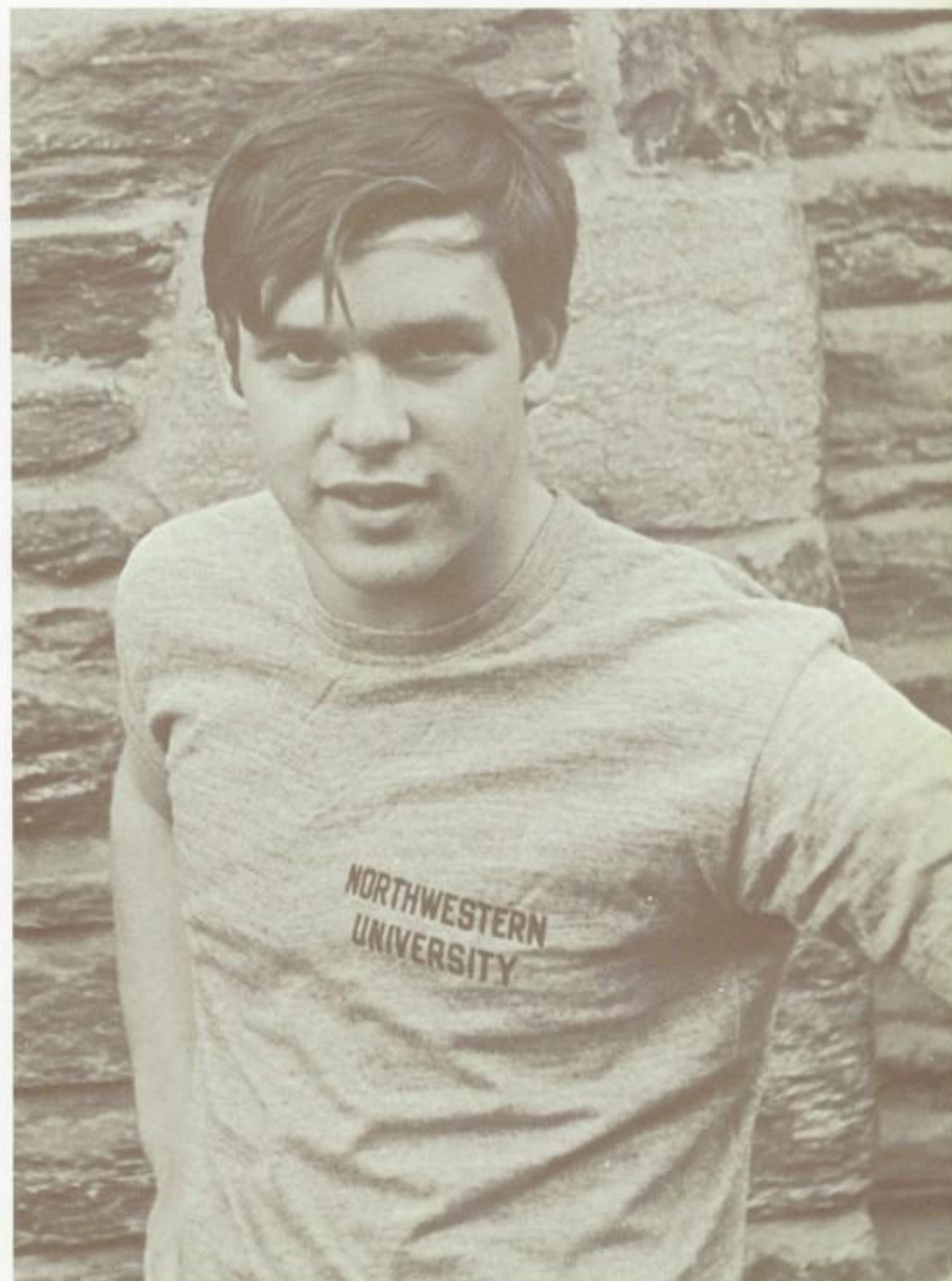
Sitting in class, knowing the answer right,
Remaining silent, afraid of the attack.
Teachers' criticisms fill her with fright
And she never knows how to answer back.

Piano and guitar are her escapes
When angry at school, or nowhere to go,
Pounding, strumming her feelings into shapes
That only she can understand or know.

She holds the match, yet will not strike it.
Maybe afraid of being burnt, maybe
Afraid that it will never stay lit.
Yet it will light for those who want to see.

A few stop in their mad race
To see that in her there's more than a face.



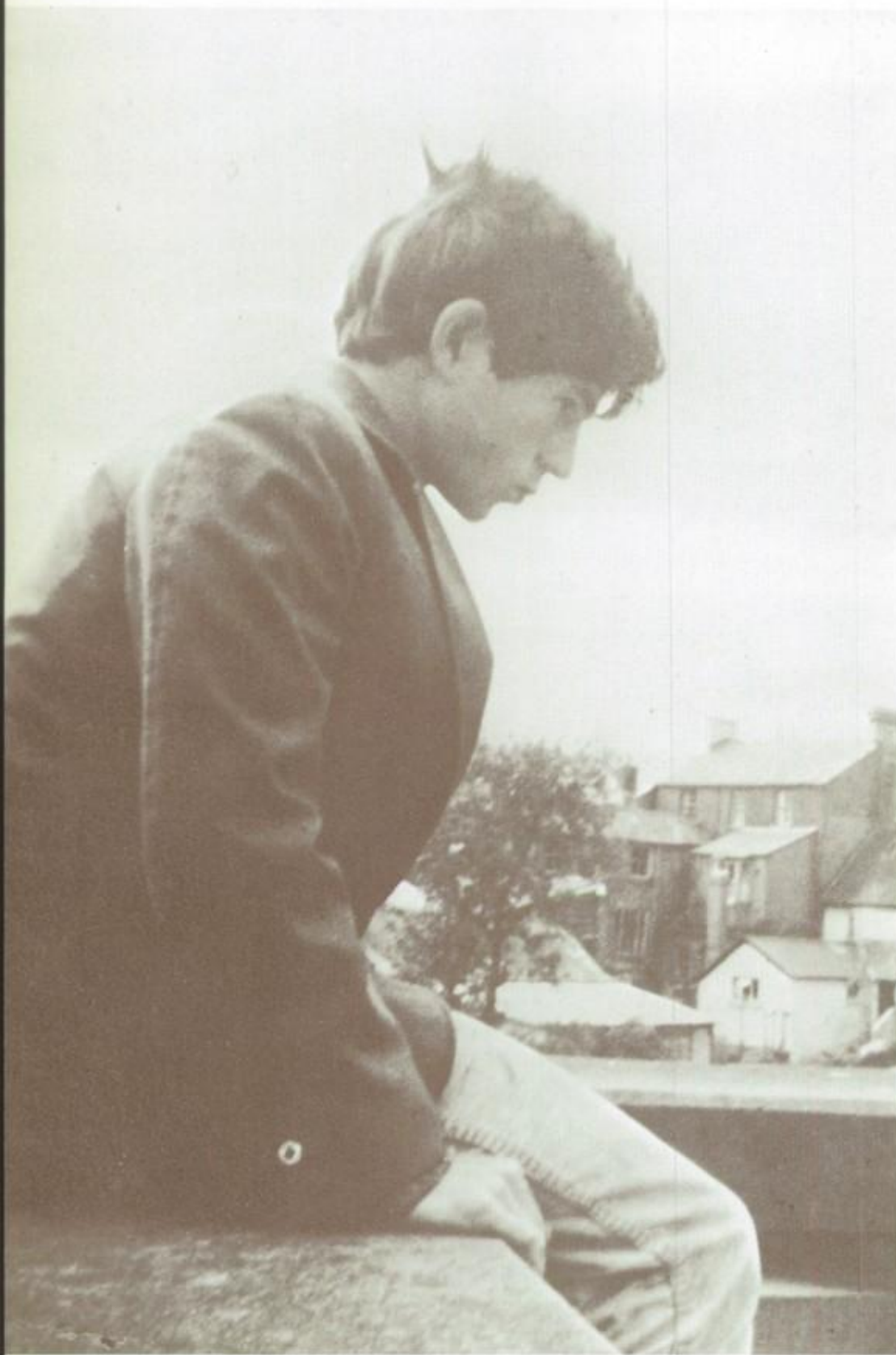


JED WEISS

This runner follows his blockers well
 Enjoying safety in his padded shell.
 His helmet removed, he grins at his glory
 Remembering a play, he retells the story.
 In the lockers, he watches in vain
 The foggy mirrors. Can he contain
 The pride that he feels in the god reflected?
 (With his image: his soul's protected)
 A crowd may wait at the locker door
 With anxious smile for compliments in store
 A check in the mirror to see if he's there
 Does he fear loss of love from an uncombed hair?
 An happy perfection, he walks outside
 And dives into inflicted pride.

ANDREW STERN

Cetti, the idealist, floating with ease
On success in sport and black, bored games,
He will not drown in Tyrean seas;
Swimming deeper, higher he aims.
At times apart, in thought entombed,
Contained within a self-made cell
With such choice that he is doomed
To suffer in freedom, never in Hell.
The Ace of spades and joker wild,
While raising stakes and choosing none;
The Jack of wit, with friends beguiled,
Maintains his cool-it's all a pun.
He succeeds though he acts in rebellion, his ploy:
Will he stay to the end the Marlboro Boy?





NANCY M. FISHER

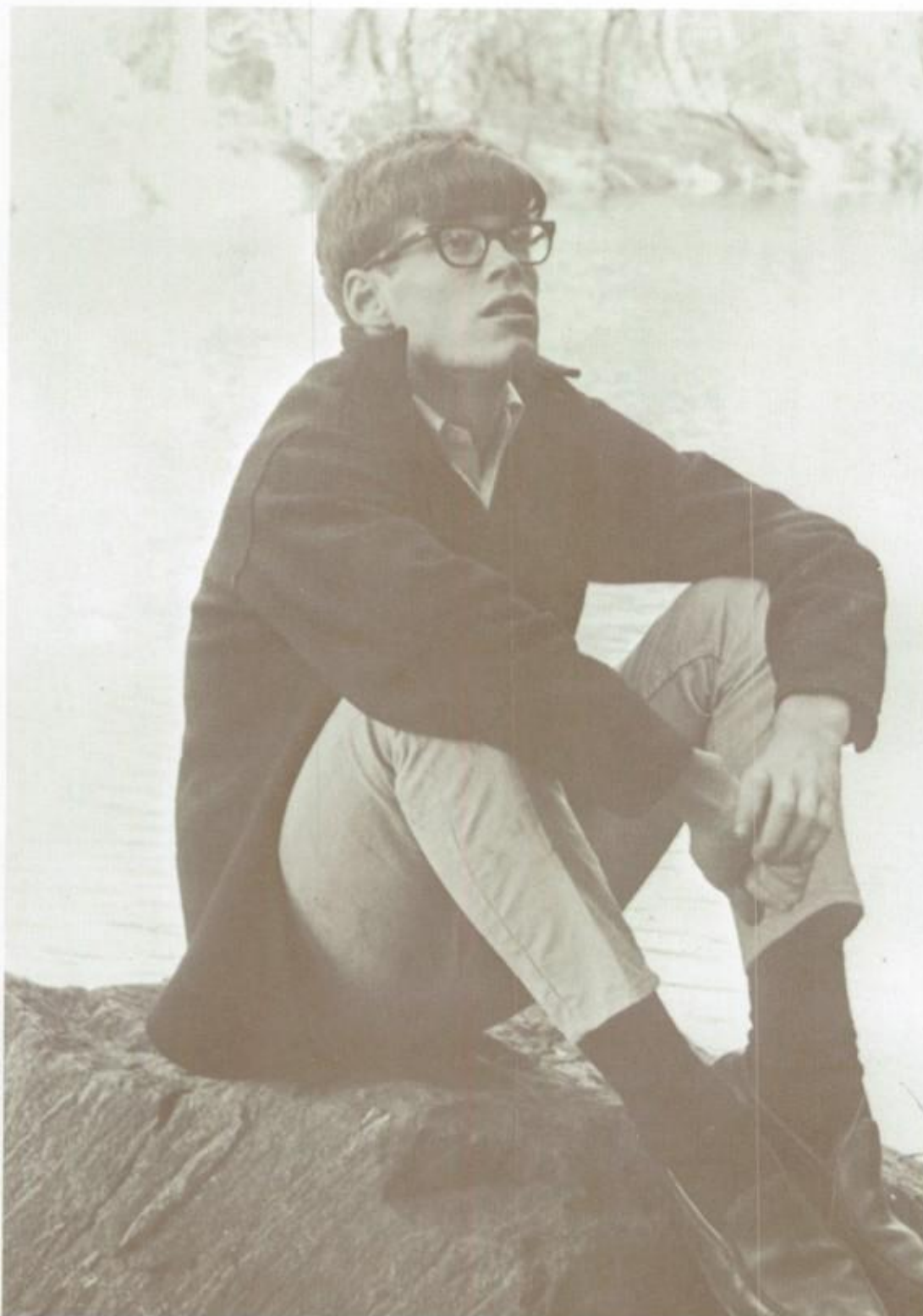
The noises of this wooded world
may seem to drown the whispers of this bird.
And yet as master of the grapevine call
her simple trilled tune has all
that's necessary to be heard.
Her instinct tells this bird the flight from spring
to fall's a speedy, stormy one and she
Most prudently doth build her nest
beneath a fallen tree before
the season ends. Most economically,
without extravagance, she builds her walls
and stays well hid from nature's jaws.
They're killed in the winter's cold that play the
summer long.

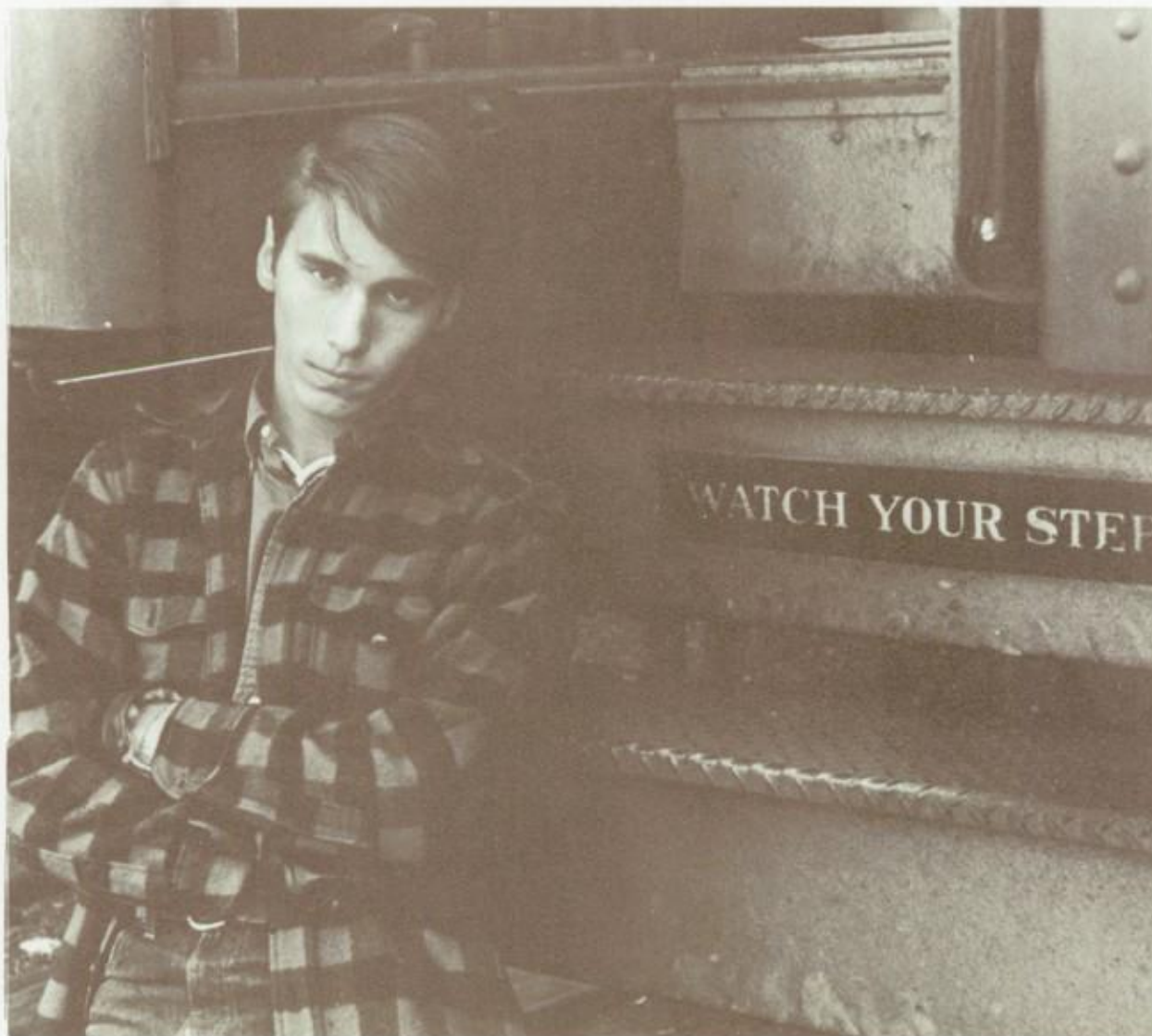
Ignoring fickle days, this bird wastes not her life
in song.



PETER C. WILLIAMS

Ever try to reason with a lemming?
Or stop him from his seven yearly jaunt?
I'd sooner write a poem to Ian Fleming
Expounding virtue, preaching as a taunt.
If blind velocity is followed through,
You'd find a rodent drowned or body battered.
Impulsiveness was good for one who knew,
But others thought that future's not what mattered.
For those who take the journey at full throttle,
With foggy windshield, crooked rear view mirror,
Nursed for years and nourished on the bottle,
Don't be shocked when others don't come nearer.
Such a wild, hurtling fall
A puncture only could forestall.

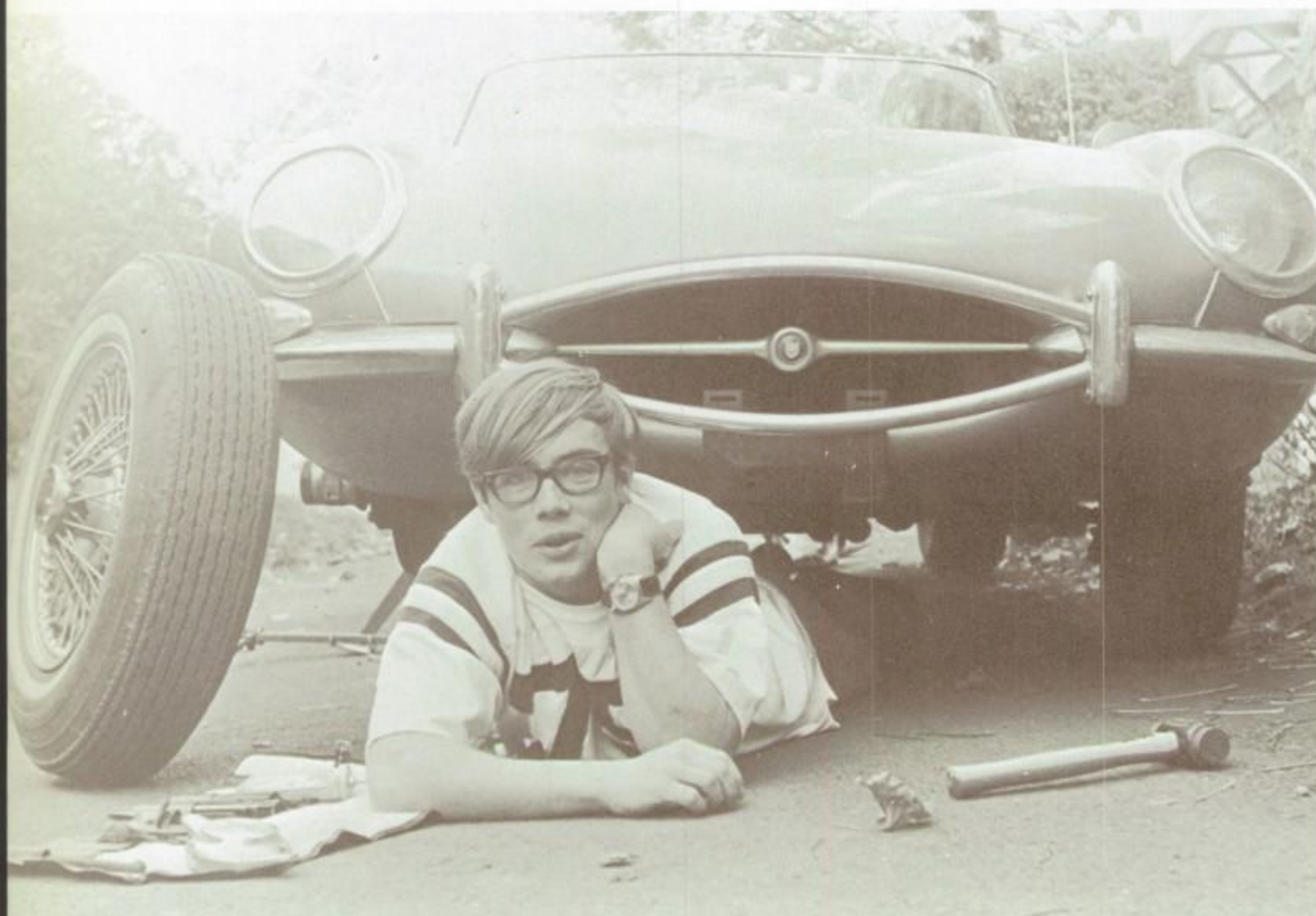




EDWARD J. EVANS, II

To bittersweet Neddy, the weekend brings
 A silent feast on a Milky Way, but
 Savoring ends with Monday's pains, he clings
 To candy uneaten, and aching gut.
 Sweet then sour, his ephemeral moods,
 Changing like a bon-bon when it breaks,
 From temper's fire a quick explosion broods,
 A passing storm, the clouded sun awakes;
 Math and Music melt in the heat. Holding
 No deity, at friends he has glowered,
 A step too hard, his doom unfolding—
 A saccharine treat by worms devoured.

Sticky and stiff the chip's on his shoulder,
 Chocolate in nature until he grows older.

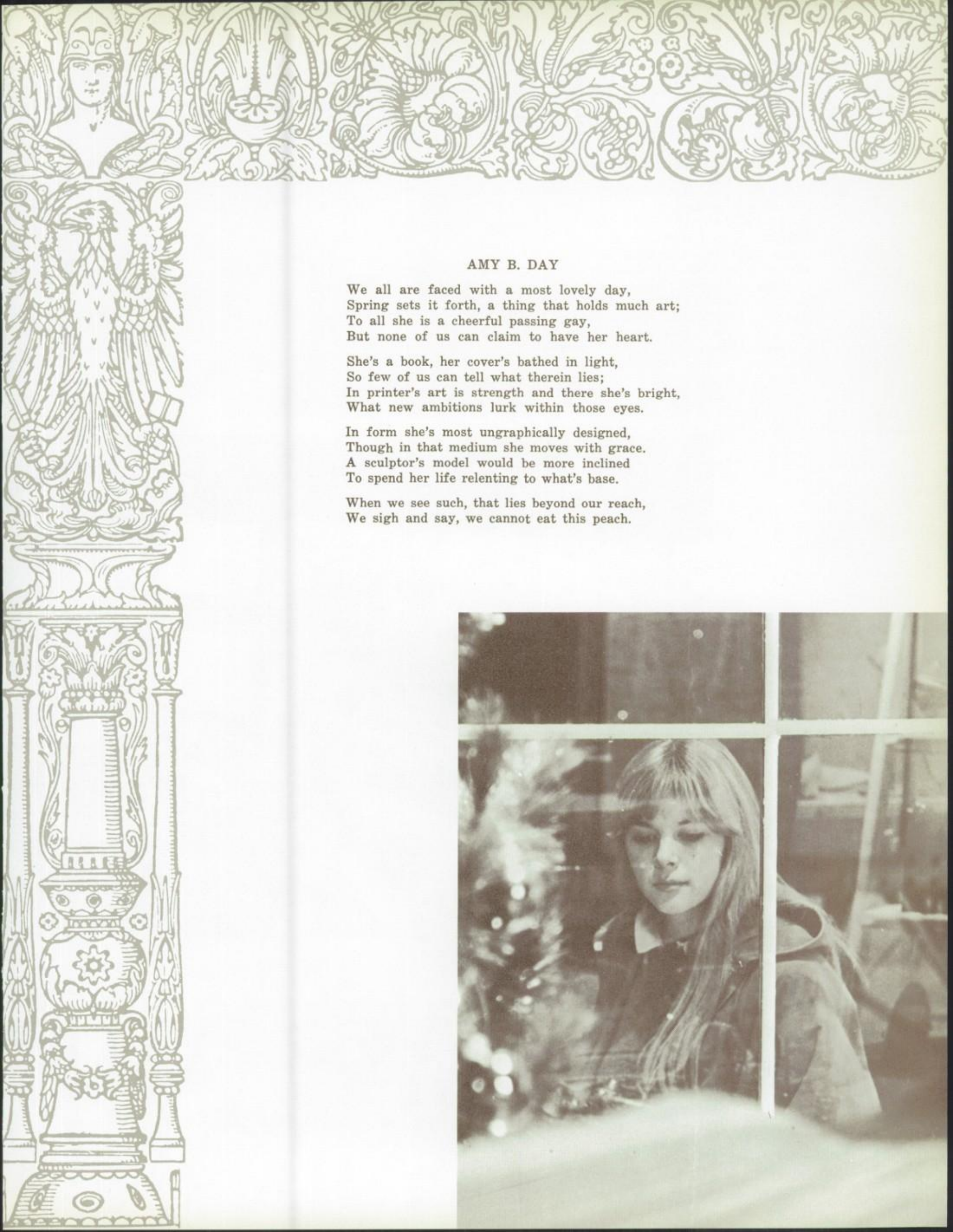


COLIN N. STOKES

Indifferent friend, you are the one
 Who talking the biggest, mutely kissed,
 And gave not a damn, but much more—
 Commitment shy. Biologist,
 Arm with an old, dull razor-blade;
 It lacerates, cannot dissect.
 A wound too deep, a cut self-made,
 May well destroy you, introspect.
 O leader of the week-end blast,
 Tell me, comes "E" before "F"?
 Answer "Yes", and in youth, the last . . .
 Conservative, thyself protect.

Be thy watered passions' vassal;
 They will go with the hair-line, Col.





AMY B. DAY

We all are faced with a most lovely day,
Spring sets it forth, a thing that holds much art;
To all she is a cheerful passing gay,
But none of us can claim to have her heart.

She's a book, her cover's bathed in light,
So few of us can tell what therein lies;
In printer's art is strength and there she's bright,
What new ambitions lurk within those eyes.

In form she's most ungraphically designed,
Though in that medium she moves with grace.
A sculptor's model would be more inclined
To spend her life relenting to what's base.

When we see such, that lies beyond our reach,
We sigh and say, we cannot eat this peach.



RALPH J. GREENSPAN

Stalking a string, now meeting someone
I'm late yet is there time to be alone
Upon a spool turned by other faces
Running, winning individual races.
I have come to know them by their cloth
The twine is twain and where are they going?
To feign the inane or the unknowing?
The taut, stretched tightrope produces sloth.
And where am I found in this morass?
Am I the saint of my own safe prison?
I know not the piecework of my karass;
Rely upon my own poor double vision.
Strung on a string (may the thread be strong)
It will be unraveled before very long.





RUTH GRACE BLANK

Goddess of Love with Madonna's face,
The fatted calf is a sacrifice mighty
For mortal perfection and double chinned grace,
Born half-shelled an Aphrodite.
The unhappy poet cries, "Flatfooted, lame!"
Severest of critics the writer will whine,
When not at play a most dangerous game,
There is that of Ruth in every line.
Rubbing her nose with a window pane,
While seeing the world she focussed her heart;
After blurring both there can only remain
An ephemeral fog of the touched and apart.
Sailing in salt she's running steady,
A loosened winch, a Jew'sh mother, already?

SUSAN F. MITCHELL

The seagull migrates to its mother sea
To bleach its hair, enjoy the tanning sun,
Returning to her nest detached and free—
A love for all, but more than friend to none.

At home this bird's a bouncing basketball,
A perfect sphere that sports an orange bright.
A tigress laughing bears a graceful fall
With rhythms quick in situations tight.

To know the contents of her compact soul,
An open locker tells one all one needs,
A pile of books, indiff'rent to a goal—
In pencilled margins Susie's history reads.

A roost among the hens this gull has found—
Her sights set firm on level, stable ground.





T. GRIFFITH FOULK

Our president runs a deceptive race
 As though something weighed in his pants;
 Diplomat, rollo, a grand prix ace?
 All and not one with nonchalance.
 A brawny weight, a football player;
 Fulcrums too—he's a frigid logician;
 Sinewy rock plus a brainy layer,
 He never has levered a Griffith ignition.
 His logical argument is rarely ruthless,
 For a spiked Achilles there's an ivory crutch;
 A racing shift, a commitment toothless,
 Convinced of too little, knowing too much.
 Bloody and sweaty a game uncouth—
 No rules, no T formation in truth.





BARBARA A. SAVACOOOL

No barb has she, but always calm and sweet,
The pitch of her existence clear and true,
She sings her melody in tones discreet
And never voices what she has to rue.
She never wounds and if perchance she's struck,
Will turn away with no accusing glance
Her smile, wise and wan, to reconstruct;
She'll offer peace, and not a sharpened lance.
If you would call her quiet air too weak,
Or blame it on a lack of character,
May you first curb your vanity, be meek,
And then you will regret that you've attacked her.

The fickle spotlight could not tempt this maid
Who honors silence humbly, unafraid.





EVELYN BRADLEY

This girl does seem to be uneasy in her shoes. She walks with such uncommon haste and such wide strides that one would think she tries to step out of them. And when she's heard her laugh— as if on second thought she meant it not or likes it not — her face does quickly straight itself. And that confused look she gives may mean anything. Perhaps she's better understood by other things. Her voice commands a dog's attention, her legs a horse's trot. She's hands so strong that they do mould the swirling clay with excellent ease. And I who seem to walk quite well and seem to speak directly cannot credit me with such great things as these.





BARBARA deB. ALLEN

Here is a form of face that all do show,
You used it for your own politic ends;
That blandness dulled the edge of fortune's blows,
And in our world that kind of thing did blend.

This year the mask has fallen from your face,
No chorus cries to end your tragedy;
Unmasked and free you are to gain your place,
To share our dread and hopeless agony.

Involvement has given your art new life,
You are not now the thing that you once were;
All act is gone, cut off as if by knife;
Your bland heart beaten to a whining cur.

You've gained a loss of which you should be proud:
You're straightened by your hand, but also bowed.



JAMES G. EMLÉN

Peace, who comes here? (enter courier)
Dost know this waterfly? Not so.
Let a beast be lord of beasts, and
His crib shall stand at the king's mess.
Put your bonnet to its right use—
The head. Lord, it is very hot.
No, believe me, 'tis very cold.
It is indifferent cold, my lord.

He does not wield the poisoned blade,
No fool, he hands it to the next.
The bloody exchange of rapiers
He judges with a wary eye.
Yet when all have died, he'll survive and say:
"And I alone am escaped to tell thee."

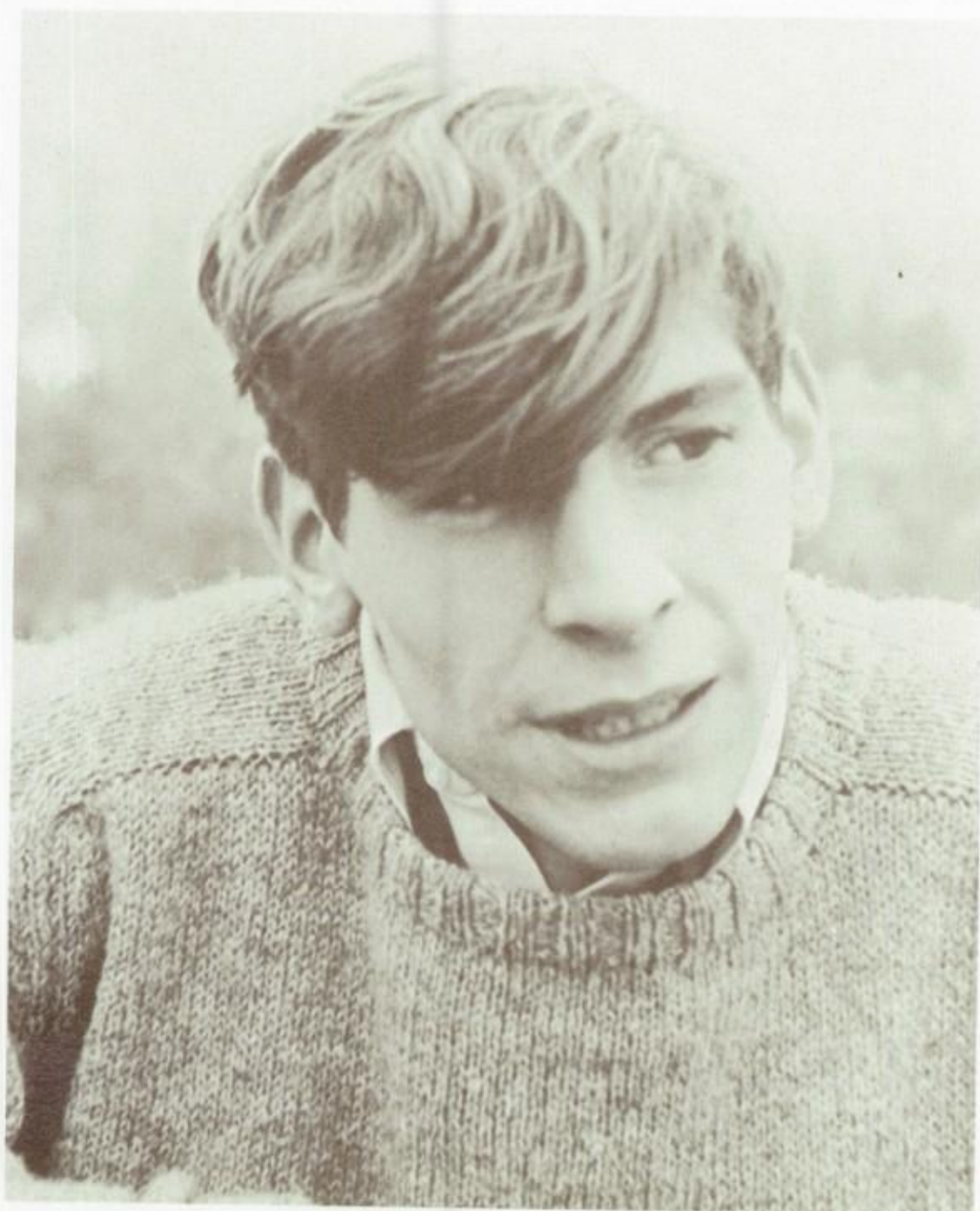




TACIE E. HEATH

When the hand is skilled and reaches out
To pluck the tightened strings that it affords,
The clear-tongued lute will sing without a doubt
And fill the air with fragile, gentle chords.
If, while acquiring talents less precise,
You leave this to the side, alone and still,
Yet when played again the mellowed sound
Attests the playing of some stronger will.
Her mirth is as a trill on simple themes,
Her grief as sadly deep as minor key,
Her nature is without conceit or schemes,
Her bearing one of constant modesty.
Accompaniment complete, elusive, dear
To tender melodies we cannot hear.





HAVILAND WRIGHT

Crowned with the grapeless, thorny vine,
Skin and bones and sinews — not fat,
For bread not eaten, he partakes of wine,
For meat not eaten he's pinned to the mat.
Resurrected every Monday,
Pushing back the heavy stone,
He won't be in church on Sunday,
But at home in bed, alone.
Follower of the teenager's credo,
Consumed producer, your diet stunts,
Repudiating the mind of Plato;
So keep on rocking 'cause you only rock once.
Sush lofty musings turn to mush,
I wanna wisha losha lush.



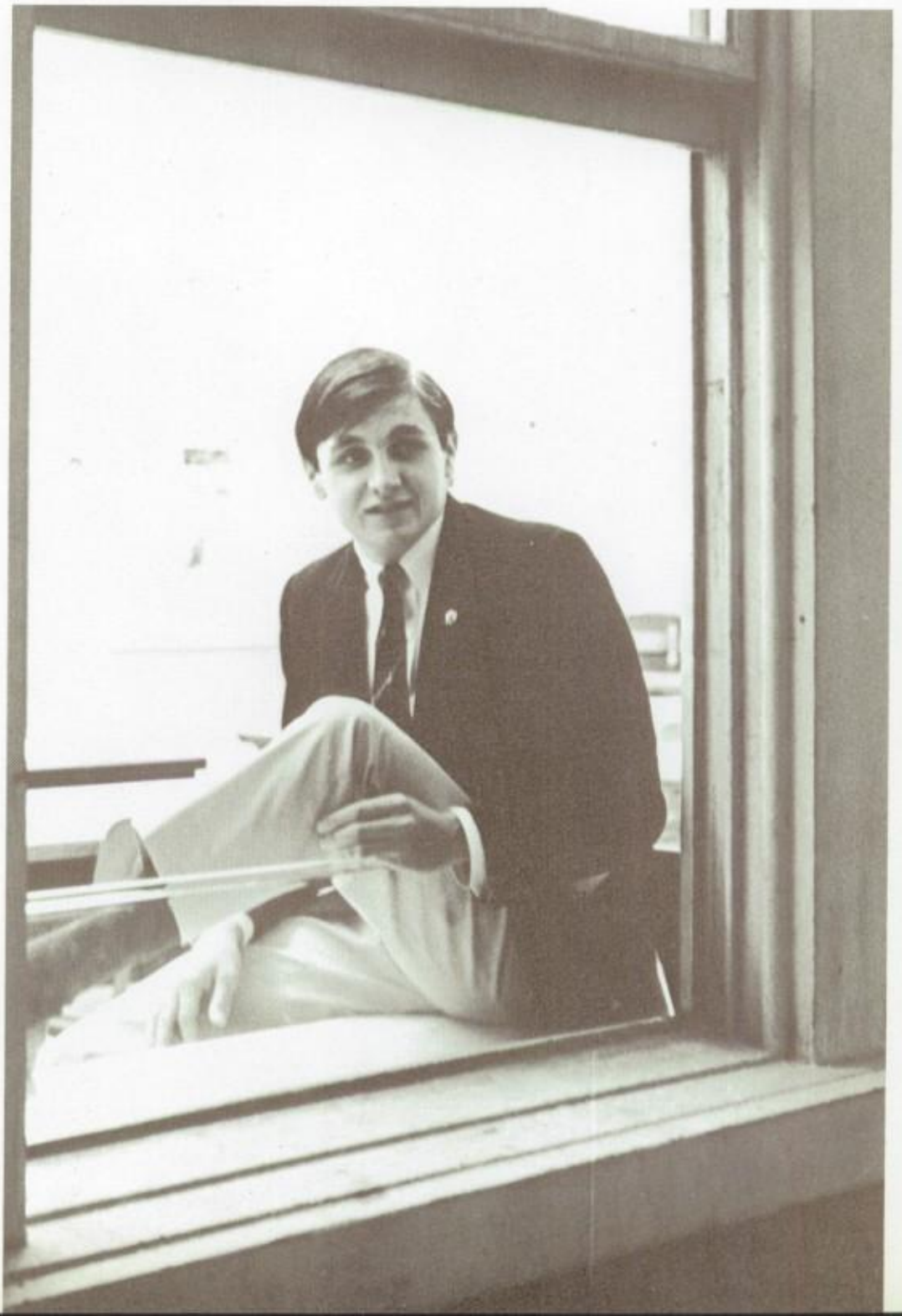
NANCY G. KOLTES

Sophistication hides the innocence
Which shows itself in frequent quiet "oh's."
Frivolity, though tamed by common sense,
Appears in jangling bracelets, svelty clothes.
Lengthy legs and neck, a flamingo in pink,
Will wade in water, not dampen its wings,
When she grows to see she'll fly not float or sink,
Preserving untainted those two most precious things.
Diligence before was not admitted,
A worker now more studious than most,
Detached attachment once but now committed,
Succeeds in silence, perhaps not so engrossed.
A model student, figure, she has both
The discipline and charm she'll need for growth.



LIONEL SOUTHGATE

He departed from France, boarded on the plane
To learn a language not geometry;
A boorish tongue that can't pronounce champagne,
In which it seemed that one and one were three.
But a dissenter, he at first seemed mad,
And we to him; But soon he lived our life.
Changed yet the same our bread and wine he had;
But the bread he broke we cut with a knife.
Carved or sanded wood retains the grain
For more than a smiling friend costs more than charm,
If he would not drown in a sawdust rain;
Isolation pains more than others harm.
Through a basic fog shown golden rays askew,
To clear the smoke he left the hearth and flew.



L. ROBERT COLLINS

Consider the subtleness of the C;
The treacherous sharks that lie beneath
The Riviera, the azure sea.
The razor sharpness of his teeth.
Consider, once more, the cannibalism:
Unsegregated instinct's bite.
This fish believes in Capitalism,
A creature of the tooth and nail fight.
But sharks turn over when they eat,
Exposing paler undersides.
They sacrifice a proud conceit
To please their hungry beast insides.
Consider the subtleness of the C,
If gluttony be subtlety.





LOVIDA HARDIN COLEMAN, JR.

In the dark world's guilt elite
You proclaim your heresy,
Flaunt apparent self conceit,
Employ your wit and raillery.
Realist of few allusions,
You may appraise objectively,
And in your play of iniquity,
Integrity makes intrusions.
Yet level head is not sterility
Yielding in red heat to jazz throb,
You know aching vulnerability,
You too need physician's swab.
Born in the aristocracy
That can take a joke.





BRUCE W. GIBBY

An actor doesn't need to know
The meaning of his written lines.
Some have the knack of living roles
And fix their souls to match the rimes.
The stage was built for such as these,
The plays conceived to give them trial.
The rage perceived is birthright ease:
All poets steal from breathing style.
The image of the author's scheme
Is carried by the player's will.
The power in a tragic theme
Is lost without raw rapier skill.
The lights are killed. The stage is quiet,
Audience stilled in an age of riot.





JANET D. OLLIS

From every side the pressure steadily
Increases, leaves its victim bewildered
And knowing not what to fight. Readily
She would seize communication filtered
Through the mass of trivial "no's", only
Said to please the dishonest and moral laws
Of our cruel world, and leaving her lonely,
Fighting uselessly, for an unclear cause.

Many are unable to give intense
Friendship needed to face all the Nothings
And Everythings that she, without pretense,
Will always try to make into Somethings.

"Be mature, be wise, whatever the cost,"
They scream at her with lies. Her cries are lost.



ROGER B. BROMLEY

Hoist the main line, cleat the cold sheet
 For a stormy sail in the Greeny-Weeny;
 His head will float and he will beat
 Against the Nightingales and Sweeny.
 Fishing for three piece herringbone,
 And shirts to boot with Quaker laces,
 For fish don't swim in eau de cologne;
 He'll have proper airs at Ascot races.
 His Republican ship has a tusk for a mast
 And conservative rope with a liberal splice;
 Winning votes by the gross, for a fishing caste
 Means public virtue and private vice.
 Steering a confident course from the cockpit
 He could stand on his head in the boat and not rock it.

WILLIAM H. HAINES, IV

In stature reminiscent of a Greek
Evoking envious stares from amateurs;
The charm of his proportional physique
Attracts the eye of aimless venturers.
In altitude of thought, in god-like vein,
Ascending from mundane or cruel reflections;
There still exists some traces of the stain
Of former, fiercer, baser insurrections.
The price is dear for ideal thoughts that rise
Above the muscle's bronze and feature's glow.
The wandering soul of Polyneices cries
For burial, to peaceful rest below.
Tragic Greek of this grave fate incurred,
May you find your peace before interred.





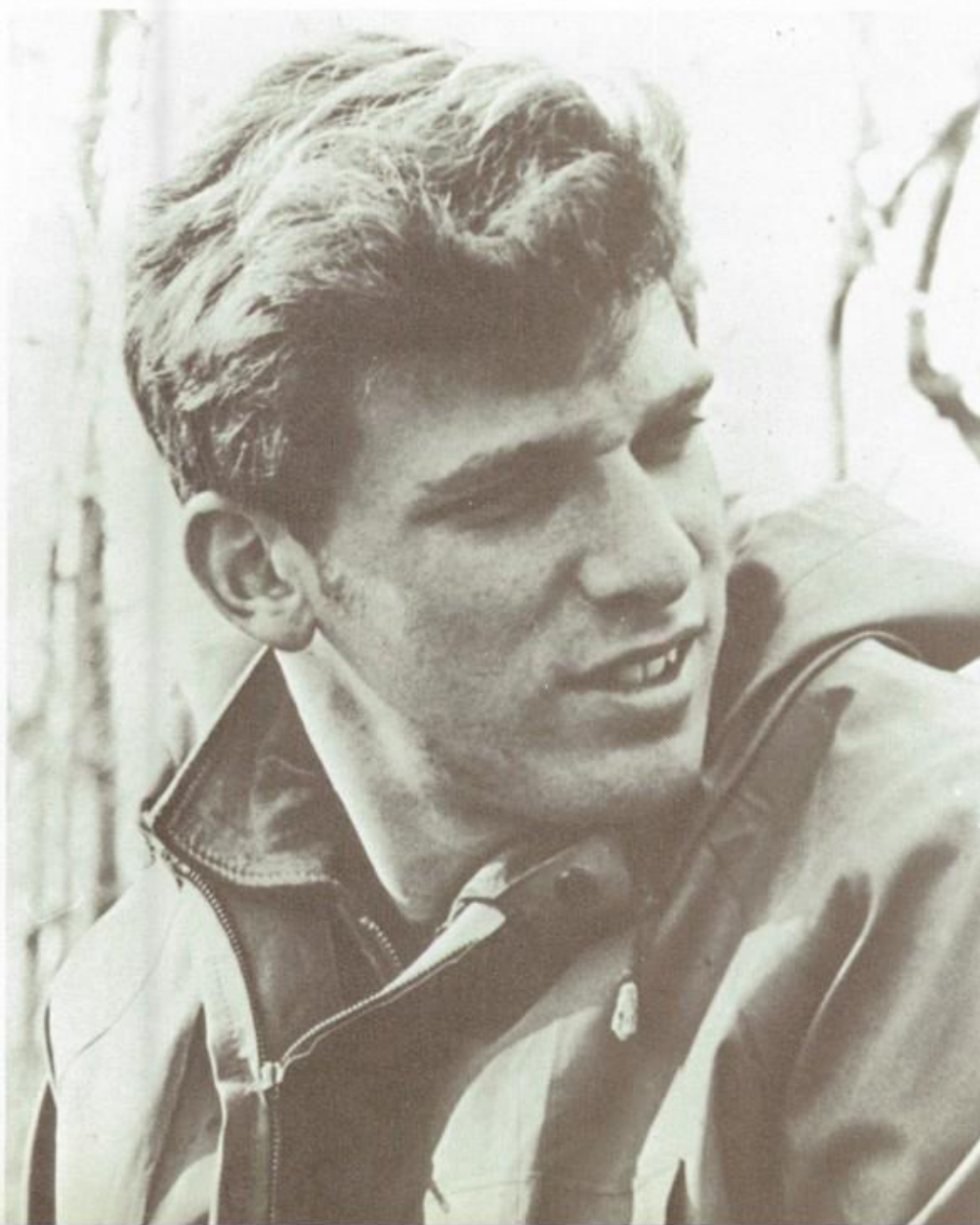
R. CHRISTOPHER ALMY

Farmer of peace, a political pigeon,
Well informed on the houses of birches.
Militant bird-watching is his religion,
A Christopher Wren — builder of perches.
Agrarian vigor, his pump always primed,
Often on pitch he's a freckled ace
With a four chambered heart that's double timed,
Although first tenor he plays second base.
Soaring with his Constitutional tether,
His ancestors nest in a family tree,
Hancocking parchment with ink and feather
This patriot shrub is a bald pedigree.
I christen this bird our fine-feathered musician
A student in school, at home a Patrician.



PAUL TILLMAN GRUENBERG

The wheel turns, spinning double
Turning a face wrought out of clay;
Burning a pace and winning trouble
Seizing spirals from skein of day.
Speed increasing, skill demanded
Form ascending like a bubble.
The pedal once left uncommanded—
Salvage now from the pile of rubble.
Out of an existence wormish
Winds the armored carapace.
Strengthened from continued skirmish
Now scorns old generations base.
The annelid artist grasps too late.
Then the master takes over. Art challenges fate.





LUCY WOLF

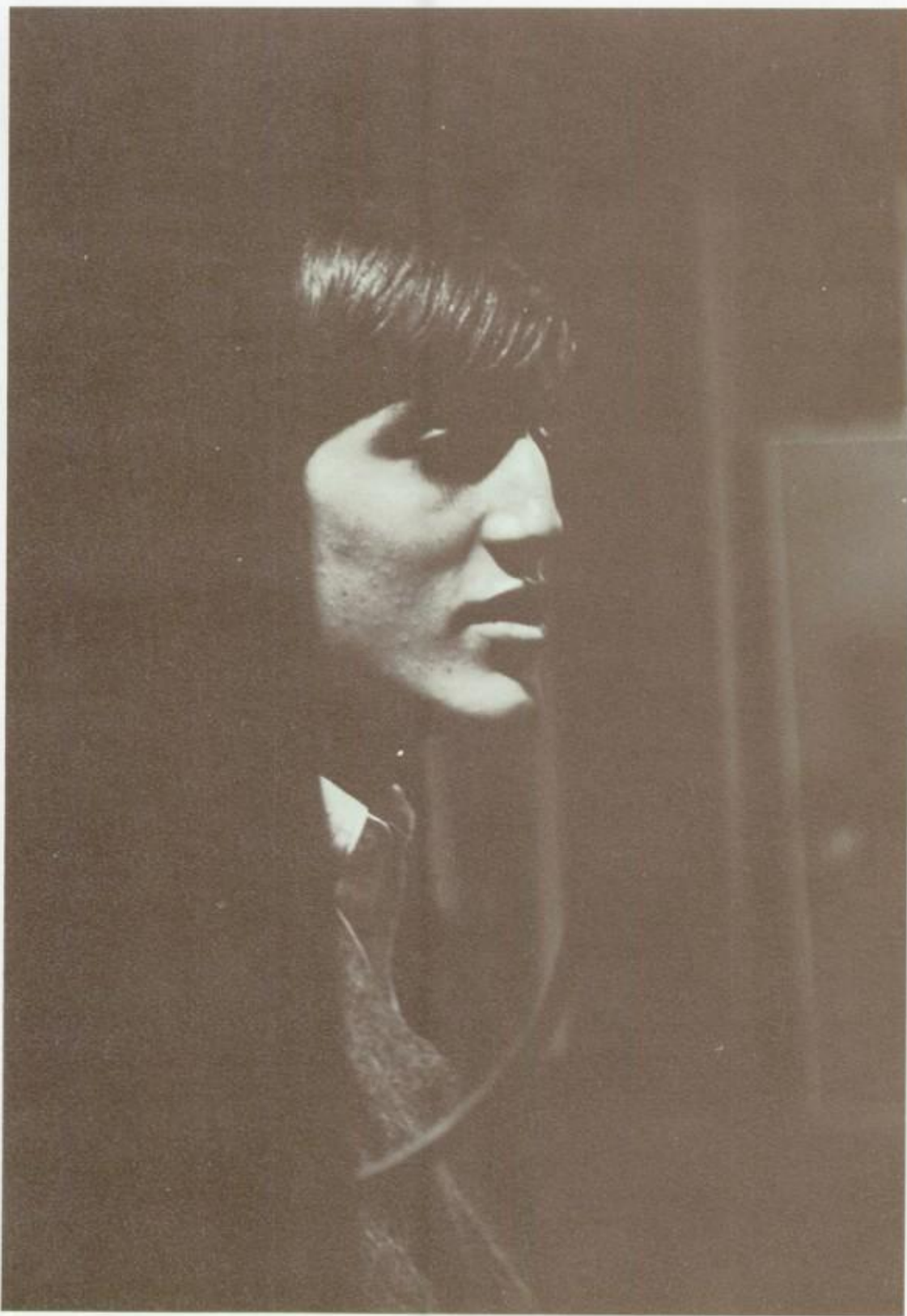
This wolf's a traitor to her restless kind;
 Attacking not, she guides the muddled sheep;
 With low-pitched counsels calms the doubting mind,
 Persuades the apprehensive ones to sleep.

Her fond and wealthy master treats her well,
 Trusts her to trust his omniscient command.
 For loyalty, she labors to excel
 With diligent but uncreative hand.

Of winter hunger, bitter in the night,
 She hears the howling, sitting fire-warmed,
 Imagines pain that's shielded from her sight;
 The image, drowned in warmth, remains unformed.

No strains of wild blood excite the heart
 That saves with steady love, not passion's art.





ROY MENDELSSOHN

Ahab forged a mettle man
With a quarter acre of brain,
The golden ribbons overran
A classy chest—a silver reign.
His weekly faults are mental sins
Elbowed ribs greased from his fight;
Tempered thus if he loses or wins
He'll not go gentile to that goodnight.
Robbers watch this armored car,
For Everyman is the pupil of eyes,
Collecting his due with nothing ajar,
Nobody steals, they idolize.
To comment on his particular quirk
Why write a sonnet? This Quarto's his work.



Credits



ROY MENDELSSOHN

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